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Editorial.

THOUGHTS ON SOILING.

In starting a new green food for feeding after the close of the summer by what is called soiling, it is all well enough to say that we must estimate the number of acres of soiling crops we shall need to supply the stock till pasture grass is ready to cut, but we have never found such estimates very reliable in practice. It one's land is of one character, if it never suffers for want of moisture, or if the soiling crops were a kind of which he could depend on a certain yield, he might calculate with some degree of certainty how much land to devote to each crop and how many acres of soiling would be required to carry a given amount of stock through a season. As it is, such calculations are little more than mere guesses. In our own practice we have entirely done with making such estimates, and if the term soiling is understood in its strict sense as the practice of cutting and carrying green food to animals in the stable, instead of letting them roam the pastures for it—we may perhaps have to be numbered among the ardent advocates of the system; but in all our public efforts in advocating soiling as against pasturing, we have been careful to show that from *stall* feeding rather than from *soiling* feeding, the beneficial results of the system are to be obtained. It is a fact that some cattle like green grass better than they do hay, and also true that all cattle will at times choose the green food in preference to the dry, but no one of much experience in feeding green fodder can have failed to find a cow, or a whole herd, that show a decided preference for the cut stalk is wilted or partly dry, over that which is entirely fresh and full of sap.

It is a fact, beyond dispute, that most dairymen, that is, those who keep cows mainly for milk, would be very much better for cattle that, from various considerations to be taken into account before one can rest assured that such is the case. A cow may never do better than when grazing in a good pasture. Indeed she may never do as well; but a good pasture is one where the grasses are of the best known species, and where they are kept fed down sufficiently close so that the feed is young and tender. The best pasture grass is not comparable with any fodder hay cut from mowing lands, nor indeed with the hay that might be cut in the same pastures, if such as is the custom in mowing for hay. When some careful experimenter will be to the trouble of collecting the grass of a good pasture, pressing in the condition in which he would collect it when cut in her own time, and will then quickly dry that feed and give it to the cow in a comfortable stall, with as much pure water as she may desire, he will have taken one step towards making a fair test between green and dry feed. It is our opinion that if the cow takes the dried grass as well as the green, and consumes an equal amount in each case, the results, as shown in gain of flesh, or in milk, butter or cheese product, will be practically the same. An experiment more easily made, is to take the green grass of an ordinary mowing field, just ready to cut for making into hay. Feed the grass green, note how much the cow consumes, then feed of the same dried, in equal quantity less the amount of water dried out, and note the difference in milk or butter product.

We do not claim to have carried on such experiments in a systematic manner. It is not an easy thing to do, for they would need to be repeated many times, and with different animals and extended through considerable periods, before results could be reached that would be perfectly reliable and conclusive. But we have repeatedly noticed that cattle will eat the same food quite as well and often better when dried than in its green state. Cattle at pasture reject the grass on most of the very rich spots, and must be very hungry before they will eat it, but if this same grass be cut and made into hay they will eat it very readily. We have the past few weeks been feeding cut fodder quite freely to our milch cows and young stock, and have found that they rather prefer it cured than green. Of course they require more water to drink, and will take it oftener than if their feed were green. We have kept a larger stock of cattle the present summer than ever before, and consequently have been compelled to feed more in the stalls and proportionately less in the pastures. The pastures were not turned into at all till the first week in July, and they were closed again at the expiration of the third week, and now, with the summer half gone, not a single load of green fodder has been cut and hauled to the barn expressly for feeding in the stalls. An abundance of good hay was left over from last year's crop, which has been fed as freely this summer as it was in the winter. When the winter rye was ready to cut for hay, it was mowed with a machine, an acre or two at a time, and fed from while being cured. The oats and the new hay crop have been handled in the same way, feeding them green, wilted, or wholly cured, as happened to be most convenient at the time. Had we been short of hay, we should have commenced cutting and feeding the rye as soon as it was large enough to pay for cutting, bringing in a load at a time, once or twice a day, as has been the practice in former years, but with a surplus constantly on hand we have been enabled to let each crop attain its full growth before cutting.

The first objection to the soiling system that rises in the minds of those who have never practised it, is the extra amount of labor required for feeding cattle, where the food is cut and carried to them daily, instead of letting them feed in the pastures; and we have found that the labor of caring for a herd of thirty head of cattle is by no means an insignificant matter, if their food must all be cut up with scythe and sickle, and carried with all its content of water, in small loads to the stables. But when the fodder can be cut by the acre with a mowing machine, and dried before carting, the cost of summer feeding is made just about equal to that of winter feeding. By the former retail method of cutting and hauling to the stables, the labor was much greater in summer than in winter. By considering soiling as merely the practice of stall feeding, rather than as green feeding, one need not figure very closely as to how many square rods he must devote to each crop and for each week's use during the summer.

It is our aim to make as full and as constant use of all the land as possible. Instead of sowing rye, oats, barley and millet, and planting corn in small patches and at intervals of a week through their season, as is recommended by Mr. Poor and others for successive cuttings, it is our practice to put in large areas of each at once, and then to harvest the crops when they are at their best, feeding green if convenient, but otherwise dry. If our forage crops contain from seventy-five to ninety parts of water in every hundred, we should aim to avoid, so far as practicable, lifting and carting that water, especially when the cattle can so easily replace it by going to the aqueduct trough in the yard. Every crop has its appropriate season of growth. Winter rye will only do well in the late fall and early spring; oats must be sown in the early spring; millet and corn will only grow when the weather is warm; barley will do fairly well at both ends of the season. Now it one sows winter rye at intervals of ten days through the fall, hoping to be able to cut the crop at widely different periods the next spring, he will find himself mistaken. There will be a difference in the time of ripening between the earliest and latest sowings, but not as much difference as in the time of putting in the seed. The same holds true of all the summer crops. Late sown oats are quite likely to rust and late millet and corn will hurry on to maturity while the season is warm, or fail almost entirely. We have field corn, planted on the 24th of May, which, on the first day of August, was just coming into bloom, while adjoining it is another field in which the tassels were beginning to show, but which was not planted till the 20th of June. There is a difference in the degree of maturity between the two crops, but not more than half as much as in their time of starting, nor will the late crop produce nearly as heavily as the early planted. Again there are quite as marked differences between the yield on certain moist portions and other certain dry portions of the field. So that any plan of operations that might have been marked out on paper last spring, as well as any estimates that might have been made as to the yield per square rod, would have been of very little use, and possibly might have found us without half feed enough for our stock.

The pastures in many portions of New England are now at this early day getting almost bare of feed, owing to the excessive drought and heat of the past few weeks. Let any farmer having such bare pastures put up his cattle and feed them on good timothy or other hay, well cured oat or barley fodder, or rye cut before it bloomed, and he will find his cattle will eat this dry food, just as well as they would have done last winter, and they will increase in their milk or flesh as a result of such feeding.

Milch cows are very sensitive to any sudden changes, and it is not unlikely that cows which usually lie in the open pasture or the enclosed yard during the night, might not at first show much gain after being tied up in a warm stable, but let the experiment be continued till the animals get accustomed to the change and learn that they are not confined for punishment, and we doubt not the extra feed will show itself at the pail. Could farmers be convinced that dry fodder is as valuable, and that it costs no more to feed it in summer than in winter, it would seem that the present prejudice against soiling which exists in the minds of many, would soon wear off. We remember when farmers did not think they could afford to keep their work horses in the stable summers, but now few can be found who will let them run at pasture.

FANCY FARMING.

We copy in another column, an article from the *Daily Advertiser*, which seems to us to be as erroneous in conclusions as it is extravagant in its statement of facts. We are somewhat inclined to doubt that there is any "fancy butter" now selling in the market at a "dollar and a quarter to a dollar and a half a pound," and certainly if there is any such, it is very small in quantity, and does not in any sense compete with the product of dairies which are managed with a view to profit. Nor, from a somewhat extensive acquaintance with the dairy farms in the immediate vicinity of Boston, whence this high priced article is said to come to our market, can we now call to mind any dairy which is stocked with cattle of a minimum value of $700, although we are acquainted with several persons who own fancy cattle valued at similar high prices. Such animals, however, are kept principally for breeding purposes, rather than for dairy uses, and it is not to be denied that fancy farmers, by breeding and rearing such cattle, and by selling their progeny to their less "fancy" neighbors, have raised the standard of excellence of the dairy cow very decidedly throughout the whole country, during the past few years. One needs only to compare the ordinary dairy cattle in New England at the present day, with the cows that were kept thirty years ago, to become convinced of the truth of this statement.

There is a limited amount of "fancy butter" sold in Boston market, at prices considerably above the range of the ordinary article, but certainly not four times as great as that "which ought to be classed as of the first quality." A good part of this is made from the milk of quite ordinary cows, worth only a fraction of $700 each, and not by any means upon land, which from its nearness to the city, bears an extremely high price in the real estate market. It is made by plain, practical farmers, who are farming for a living, and not for fancy, and who do "get credit for any pains they may take to supply a good market worthily." Indeed it is because they have taken pains, that their product stands at the top of the market. Absolute perfection in the process of manufacture, the use of the best means and appliances, and a determination to secure quality rather than quantity in the product, have been the causes of the high prices they have been able to obtain. People will pay the best prices for the best goods. They do not ask whether the cow cost $700 or whether she was fed on land worth $2000 an acre, but whether the butter is the best that can be made.

Neither does butter of this quality tend to degrade the next best, until the "notorious sloven" can get almost as much for his butter as the man who produces an article "which *ought* to be classed as of the first quality." Indeed the case is exactly the other way. The fancy butter sold in the market has had the effect to raise the quality of every pound of butter sold here. Such butter as graded number one twenty years ago, would hardly pass muster now as "common and inferior, and the poorest quality twenty years ago could now hardly find a purchaser among the soap fat men. The general quality of all the butter in our market is vastly higher than it was in 1863, when, according to Hon. Simon Brown, then editor of the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, a leading butter dealer stated that not one package of butter in ten, that came into this market could be classed as "good." This improvement in quality has been so general, that the comparative price of "gilt edge butter" as compared with the prime grades of dairy and creamery, has steadily declined, until now there is a comparatively small margin. The gilt edge is a grade of butter that will not keep very long, and is not made to keep, being very lightly salted, and the demand for it is limited, especially as fine creamery comes so near it, and we do not believe that good, honest, well made butter needs to fear any competition either from $1200 cows or from the renderers of tallow into oleomargarine.

HOUGHTON FARM EXPERIMENTS.

The name "Houghton farm" has already become more or less familiar to the readers of the NEW ENGLAND FARMER. Mr. Lawson Valentine, the proprietor, came into possession of the estate about six years ago, having in mind three objects—a home, a farm, and an experiment station. The home has been made, the farm stocked, and the experimental work begun. Dr. Manly Miles, director of the experiments, commenced operations about two years ago, and Mr. Henry E. Alvord about a year ago assumed the management of the entire estate. It is the aim of the proprietor to have the farming operations carried on in accordance with the best known methods, and under the best possible organization and management, so that results may be obtained that will enlighten and educate others who may become familiar with the work performed, and to have the scientific department of the highest order, so as to command the respect, interest, and co-operation of the leading scientific minds of this and other countries. We know of but one similar effort any where in the world, that of the private experiment station of Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert of Rothamsted, England, which has done so much to increase the general knowledge of practical agriculture during the past 40 years. There is this difference, however, between the founders of the two stations: Mr. Lawes is a large manufacturer of commercial fertilizers, and might very naturally make his experiment station to some degree an aid in popularizing the use of the goods manufactured, while Mr. Valentine's business is connected with farming in no sense whatever.

Mr. Valentine is aiming to do something towards the progress of American agriculture, while both have in view the advancement of the condition of the tillers of the soil everywhere.

The field experiments at Rothamsted have been largely made upon the small grains, wheat, barley, and oats; but as Indian corn is the great staple crop of the United States, it was thought best to give this the first attention at Houghton Farm. Two crops of this grain have been grown, and the third is now on the ground. The methods of culture, together with the results so far as obtained and observed, have just been published in a pamphlet for distribution among agricultural journalists and others. As it is hoped and expected that these experiments will be carried on for many years, it is not claimed that very much has yet been definitely learned that is ready for publication Perhaps there has been nothing brought more prominently to the minds of those engaged in this great work, than the fact that agricultural experiments with growing crops are among the most difficult that can be made and reported. The influences of the varying changes and conditions of the weather alone are sufficient to call for the greatest caution in claiming results.

There is certainly a great deal of caution used at Houghton Farm, both in laying out and carrying on the experiments. The trial corn plots are thirty-one in number, containing one-fifth acre each, in two fields; one of three acres and the other of three and one-fifth acres, and separated by a small stream of water. Spaces of three feet in width are left between the several plots, and a driveway one rod in width surrounds them for convenience of access. The land is all thoroughly drained by laying tiles crosswise and lengthwise of each plot to the depth of from 3½ to 4½ feet, with arrangements for the examination of the flowage from each plot. A white flint corn, thought to be well adapted to the soil and climate of the vicinity, has been selected for the trials. A sufficient number of men and teams are employed to perform each operation in a single day. This is necessary, that any changes of weather may not affect parts of the plots differently. The ploughing and cultivation is also done crosswise of the plots, to secure perfect uniformity in the culture of each plot, and the teams are also changed from side to side, making each team perform its work upon two or more alternate strips. Each plot contains 630 hills planted three feet apart each way, and four stalks are left to grow.

The 1880 crop was grown without manure, for the purpose of testing in a measure the condition of the land. In 1881 barnyard manure and chemicals in various forms and proportions were applied to the several plots, and records kept. The report of the crops grown upon the separate plots in the two years, with such deductions as can properly be made, covers more than thirty of the large pages of the pamphlet. The average farmer who finds field experiments upon his own premises seldom satisfactory, owing to the many conditions affecting his crops, which appear entirely beyond his control, may possibly gain a crumb of comfort when he learns that at Houghton Farm, where every precaution is taken, the crows *did* come down and pull their early breakfast from these trial plots, paying no regard whatever to scientific planting, and with no more qualms of conscience than if the green blades had been springing in the back fields of his own farm.

The cold, the wet, and the dry weather, the winds and hail and insect depredations affect more or less among all. It is a part of the business of these experiments to learn how many of these common difficulties may be practically overcome by intelligent planning and execution.

One thing was learned, that through a protracted drought, which rolled the corn leaves very generally throughout all the region and reduced the yield two-thirds in some fields, the plots at Houghton Farm showed less injury, probably owing to the porosity of the soil from thorough drainage and cultivation.

Yet the yield in the good corn year of 1880, on some of the plots, was better without manure than the yield of 1881 with manures liberally applied, showing that unexhausted fertility, in a favorable corn year, may be of more use to the farmer than the immediate applications in a poor year.

On other plots the reverse was noticed, so that other influences were to be sought out in order to avoid coming to false conclusions. It was very evident that drainage had increased the yield in the poor corn year of 1881. But after a careful study of the results of all the plots on each of the experimental fields, it appeared that no satisfactory conclusions had been reached concerning the *relative* influence of the different samples of commercial manures used. Not so with the plots dressed with barnyard manure. The advantages of the barnyard manure, under the unfavorable conditions of a wet, backward spring, followed by a severe drought, were decidedly marked, says Prof. Miles, in the crop of 1881 throughout the entire season. From the first appearance of the plants above the surface, to the time of harvest, the barnyard manure plots could be clearly distinguished, even at a distance, by the more vigorous and rapid growth of the crop; and when the tassels and ears were forming, the stalks were not only much larger, but they gave indications of a mature development that was not observed on the other plots. As the manure applied was not of superior quality, the good effects were probably largely due to its physical or mechanical amelioration of the soil, rather than to its chemical composition.

It was also noticed that, as a matter of economy, a medium application of manure showed better results than very heavy applications, which accords with the general experience of farmers, when the immediate crop only is taken into account.

Numerous experiments are under trial to determine what is a bushel of corn on the ear and shelled, but as they are not yet completed no full report can be given. Prof. Miles thinks that perhaps forty-eight pounds of dry substance may very nearly represent a bushel of shelled corn. The legal standard is fifty-six pounds as sold in market, but he finds that very little corn will weigh that amount unless it is well ripened and well cured.

Beside the account of experiments made at Houghton Farm, the pamphlet contains over twenty pages of reports upon experiments carried on at Mr. Lawes' farm in England, which will be of interest to many American readers. If Mr. Valentine's plans work as it is anticipated they will, the public will doubtless be favored with many other similar reports in future years.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SOILING. By F. S. Peer.

Mr. F. S. Peer, of East Palmyra, N. Y., some time since, adopted the soiling system of keeping cattle and sheep, and with such satisfactory results that he became desirous of bringing the subject to the attention of others, especially the young men of America. His effort has brought out a neatly bound book of 150 pages, in which he gives not only his own experience but that of many others who have practised soiling to a greater or less extent. There is no doubt whatever that the soiling system is to be greatly extended in this country and that thousands of farmers would be benefited by its immediate adoption to a greater or less extent. This little work will certainly aid them in learning how to start right, what crops to grow, and how to handle them. Under the head of "Winter Soiling," several chapters are given upon ensilage and the construction of Silos. Although we can see some things to criticise in the author's plans, as marked out, and which he will himself sooner or later discover, as he continues his experiments in raising green crops, yet we can cheerfully recommend the volume as one well worthy of perusal. It is full of choice selections, and is very suggestive on many points outside the special subject treated. The price is $1.00, and it may be ordered from the author.

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

WHAT TO SOW.

I have a field that contains two acres which I am going to sow down this month, and as I am short of hay for my horses, I should like to know what I can seed down with that will do to cut this fall for hay. F. L.

Brockton, Mass.

REMARKS.—It is too late now to sow anything with grass seed that will be likely to make much of a crop of feed suitable to make into hay for horses. Were the object to get feed for cattle, particularly cows in milk or young growing stock, we should recommend sowing barley with the grass seed at the rate of one and a half or two bushels per acre. If the seeding could be done by the middle of the present month and the weather should prove favorable, a very fair crop of barley and grass could be cut for feeding green in October and November. A heavier yield would be expected if the seed could have been put in two or three weeks earlier.

Horses that are not at hard work, or that are not driven on the road, might safely be fed partly upon such green fodder. They like it well, but it is not suited for teams at hard work. The season is so far advanced at the time such crops are ready to cut that it is difficult drying them for hay. For dairy stock there is no need of it, as it is relished quite as well green.

Care should be taken in cutting such late crops not to cut so close as to injure the young grass.

A good growth of cattle feed can yet be made on land that is not seeded, by sowing a bushel and a half each of barley and winter rye together per acre. The barley will throw up a seed stalk, while the rye will make a thick undergrowth of fine leaves. The rye may be expected to live through the winter and produce nearly a full crop next year.

CABBAGE MAGGOTS—CORN IMPLEMENTS.

How shall I keep the white maggot from injuring cabbage another season? Whose make of corn planter do you use? Does it drop the right quantity of seed and cover the right depth on hard and mellow soils? Do you go more than once in a place with a smoothing harrow on your corn, at each harrowing? Whose make of horse hoe do you use? H. E. C.

Portland, Me., Aug. 7.

REMARKS.—We know of no better way to avoid the common trouble with cabbages, than to grow the plants in soil that has produced neither cabbages nor turnips for two or three years, and to use plenty of wood ashes as a fertilizer.

We have used the Albany or Emery seed drill for planting corn and other field and garden seeds for the past thirty years. It is a good drill, but there may be newer machines that are better. It will plant from a half inch to four inches deep, will drop the seed as thick as it can lie on the ground, or at intervals of several feet. In preparing for planting, we run it once over a barn floor, sheet or hay cap, so the seed may be seen as it is dropped. We usually plant a little more than ought to grow, to allow for loss by crows, worms, etc.

We have drawn the smoothing harrow once in a place, and have lapped it half and gone over the second time, according to the needs of the field.

The horse hoe used is the Everett & Small three toothed, wooden frame with cast iron reversible teeth. On very easy land to work a lighter implement would be preferred.

CLOVER.

The longer I grow clover, the better I like it. When cut early and properly cured, it is the very best of hay. Last year I commenced cutting the 21st of June, but on account of the lateness of the season I could not get to it quite so early this year. I found that my stock would refuse timothy and other hay, last winter, when they could have the clover, and they also did much better on it. The reason why some farmers dislike it I believe to be found in the fact that they let it stand too long, and then, after cutting, they dry it too much, and the consequence is the leaves and blossoms fall off, leaving a mass of dry stems, which are of course quite unpalatable. F. H. D.

New York.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

—An anonymous authority prescribes kerosene oil as a protection against squash bugs and similar pests, to be applied by soaking rags in the oil and pegging them down to the ground in the hills.

—The Chemist of the National Department of Agriculture is credited with saying that the fertility of the soil of the Western prairies will be exhausted sooner than that of the rocky land in the Eastern States.

—The *Gardener's Monthly* says: "Let the laundry folk on every wash day pour the boiling hot suds about the roots of peach trees. This will destroy the insidious little fungus which produces the 'yellows' and other diseases, and finish the larvæ of insects which are injurious to the trees."

—Of orchard grass the late Mr. John Stanton Gould says in his treatise on grasses: "The testimony that has been collected from all parts of the world for two centuries past establishes the place of this species among the very best of our forage grasses, and the interests of our graziers and dairymen would be greatly promoted by its more extended cultivation."

—On the hill farm of Col. J. M. Thompson in Springfield is a remarkable field of rye, seventeen acres in extent, which was sown on the 2d of September last with a broadcast machine, one bushel of seed to the acre. The growth stands well, is even, thick, tall and heavy headed and good judges predict a yield of at least forty bushels an acre. The soil is sandy, but a clover sod that had been pastured for two years previous is the foundation of its fertility.

—No successful substitute for the teasel plant has been devised, and the nap on woolen cloth will probably for generations be raised by the little hooks which arm the stalks of this curious little shrub. For a long time the woollen manufacturers denied that the American plant was fit for use, but, when the war of the Rebellion broke out, it was discovered that the home-grown teasel surpassed the French growth in every respect. Over one-half of the teasel crop of the United States is grown in two towns of Onondaga county, N. York.

—A correspondent of the *Tribune* expresses the fear that the persistent use of Paris green and other poisons is destroying the birds as well as the insects that the fatal dose is intended for. The birds, after all, are the best insecticides, and man can not get on without their help. "We can do without potatoes," says the *Tribune* writer, "at least for two or three years, better I believe, than we can do without the insect eating birds"—and those who understand the matter will readily assent to his statement.

—Some experiments have recently been conducted in the old country, with a view of ascertaining the best methods of preserving manure so as to retain the more valuable ingredients. In one of these experiments the manure was allowed to accumulate under the cattle for a long period—three months or more—in specially constructed deep stalls. It was found that in every case the manure so formed was, as compared with that of the ordinary manure heaps, in a more workable condition, the ammoniacal salts were better preserved, and all useful ingredients were present in greater proportion.

—The Rev. Mr. Gillespie, Secretary of the Galloway Cattle Society of Scotland, said at the last annual meeting at Dumfries, that while the polled Angus was a magnificent breed for particular circumstances, the Galloways, he believed, were the best adapted of all breeds for the purposes of American breeders who wished to rid their horned cattle of those needless appendages. He ventured to affirm that where a pure, well-bred Galloway bull was put to cows of any horned breed, the produce in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred would be polled.

—It is said that foot-rot and other diseases to which sheep are subject, occur much less often among flocks which are pastured on rather rough ground, and particularly where they have to climb hills to get their grazing. In Scotland, the great sheep country of Europe, the sheep are always found in greatest numbers among the mountain ranges. The famous Southdowns also have a rough country to pasture on, upon the steep, rugged chalk hills of the South of England. All over this State there are immense tracts of land of this character, where sheep would thrive, which can not be used for any other purpose to so good a profit.

—The item about a ten acre cornfield in Colorado, which produces thirty bushels of corn to the acre, but which is simply a thin coating of soil eighteen inches deep, covering a great subterranean lake full of blind fish, so that all one has to do is to dig a hole in the ground and fish through it, is going the rounds again. We first found it in the papers in 1878, and its old familiar face appears again every season, as regular as clock work, with all the circumstances, even down to the fact that "a person rising on his heels and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him." It is time to cultivate that field to something else beside corn; or possibly it may be well to fix the good old lie over again for another year, by having the proprietor restore the fertility of the soil, impaired by a long course of continual cropping with corn, by a liberal dressing of fish guano manufactured on the spot from fish caught through holes in the ground, so that it now produces fifty or seventy-five bushels. This would break the monotony of the yarn, as it were, and invest it with a new and romantic interest.

Correspondence.

For the New England Farmer.

FARM CROPS IN MAINE.

Crops generally are in a favorable condition in Maine. Maine is possessed of a good soil for agricultural purposes, and sturdy and industrious farmers manage most of the farms. Grass growing, stock raising, dairying, and orcharding are the leading farm interests. In grain growing Maine is excelled by other States, especially by Western States. Maine does not raise all the corn, wheat nor oats which are required for home consumption. This fact may seem to cast reproach upon an agricultural State like this, and to some extent, perhaps, deservedly. But it should be remembered that many of our farmers raise sweet corn for canning, instead of raising yellow corn for their own use, and depend upon a supply of Western corn for use on the farm. Many shrewd farmers think it pays them better to raise sweet corn for canning than to raise yellow corn. An acre of sweet corn, when the land is in good condition, will yield enough corn to amount to forty or fifty dollars per acre, and if the land is in extra condition, sixty or seventy dollars may be obtained. In former years, when Western corn could be obtained at sixty cents per bushel, fifty dollars would purchase over eighty bushels of corn. This year, however, Western corn being one dollar and upwards per bushel, there is less advantage accruing to the farmer who raises sweet corn and buys Western corn. Much more corn is raised in this State than there was ten years ago. Then many of the farmers believed that it cost one dollar and upwards for every bushel of corn raised, and did not believe that they could afford to raise it when it sold for seventy-five cents or less per bushel. Since then there has been a change of opinion in regard to the cost of raising corn. Improved methods of culture have been adopted, the dressing spread broadcast, instead of applying it to the hill, and horse culture, to a large extent, made to supplant hand culture. Consequently the belief is quite general that corn can be produced at a cost considerably less than one dollar per bushel, and some even claim that it can be raised at a cost of forty cents or less per bushel. The corn crop is also considered to be a valuable crop to raise on account of its good effects upon the land. Scarcely any other crop raised leaves the ground in so good a condition for other crops. In some respects it resembles clover as a renovating crop, benefiting the soil instead of exhausting it. This change of view in regard to the corn crop has stimulated farmers to give more attention to it, and were it not that a large area is devoted to sweet corn, farmers in Maine would raise nearly or quite all the corn required for their own use. Maine is increasing her grain crop, and the time may not be distant when she will raise all that is required for the use of her own people.

The Hay Crop.

The hay crop is the great farm crop in Maine, exceeding in value all other farm crops together. When the Maine farmer harvests a good crop of hay he is on the road to prosperity, even though other crops be a little scanty. This year the hay crop was an unusually good one. The season has been a remarkably favorable one for the grass crop; if it had not been, the crop would have been a very light one. Last year a severe drought set in after the hay crop was cut, and destroyed many of the grass roots, causing the grass to grow very thin this spring. Considerable grass was also winter killed, and the outlook for the hay crop the first of July was not very encouraging. The weather during June had been sufficiently wet to produce a heavy growth of grass had the sward been in good condition. Up to the first of July the growth of grass, especially on old fields, was so thin that many of the farmers declared that they should not get more than two-thirds as much as they had last year Frequent rains occurred during the first half of July and kept the farmers from cutting much of their grass. During this time the grass gained very much and thickened up so that when good weather came round there was a good crop to harvest. The weather for harvesting was excellent, and the hay generally has been put in the barn in prime condition. The hay crop in Aroostook is reported to be unusually good and the barns are filled to overflowing. In Somerset County the crop is estimated at a quarter more than last year. Kennebec County reports more than an average crop. In Androscoggin, Franklin, and Oxford Counties a heavy crop has been harvested. The cut for the whole State is probably more than an average one in quantity, and in quality it has not been excelled for years.

The Corn Crop.

The corn crop up to the middle of July had not for many years been so backward. Many fields looked as though they would never ripen any grain. Only a small part of the corn was large enough to hoe the second time before haying. Some fields got only one hoeing and others were hoed after haying was finished. About the middle of July hot weather commenced in earnest and prevailed day after day for two weeks. Corn grew with a rapidity scarcely ever before equalled in this State. One man put up a stake by the side of his corn and measured its growth daily, and found that it grew from four to six inches each day. It grew four inches each day regularly, but one day, after a shower the night before, it grew six inches, showing the beneficial effect of the shower. During the hot weather the corn came forward so rapidly that it made up for much of its backwardness and now promises to be a good average crop. The first week in August the corn crop, as well as other crops, began to suffer from the effects of drought during the continued hot term, but copious showers removed the threatened danger to the crops and reassured the farmers with the prospect of a good harvest. The corn canning factories are getting ready for business and will soon begin operations.

Other Grain Crops.

Wheat, rye, oats and barley are looking well and promise a fair average yield. More wheat is raised in Maine than formerly. Twenty years ago very little wheat was raised here, and farmers generally depended upon the West for a supply of flour. Now, however, many of the farmers raise enough wheat to supply their own families with flour and sometimes have a little surplus wheat to sell. It is not unusual for wheat to yield twenty-five or thirty bushels per acre, and occasionally forty or even fifty bushels per acre are obtained. Oats are raised to a considerable extent, but not in sufficient amount to supply the home demand. Rye and barley are raised only in limited quantities and are not important crops in this State. The potato crop promises to be an abundant one.

The Apple Crop.

The apple crop will be considerably below an average and very much less than the bountiful crop of last year. The trees did not set with a large number of apples and many of them have fallen, so that most of the orchards will produce only a light crop. But orchardists are not disposed to complain of a light crop this year. Apples are likely to be abundant elsewhere and prices probably will be low, as this is the bearing year for orchards generally. Our orchardists find consolation for a light crop this year in the expectation that a bountiful crop will be theirs next year, which is the "off" year generally for orchards and the year for high prices. The bearing year of Maine orchards seems to have changed from the even to the odd year, greatly to the benefit of our orchardists. The change in the bearing year was probably in part effected by the ravages of the caterpillars several years ago and partly by the practice of top dressing the trees the year before a crop is desired. Some of our orchardists who practise this method claim that by applying the dressing some time in June the growth of fruit buds is promoted and a crop secured for the following year. Some, by the practice of this method, have endeavored to change the bearing year of their orchards from the even to the odd year, apparently with success. Whatever may be the cause of the change, it is a matter of congratulation that the change has evidently been effected.

Insect Pests.

Insect pests have been more than usually prevalent the present season. The striped bug and the squash bug have been present in greater numbers than before for many years, and great difficulty has been experienced in protecting cucumbers and squashes from their ravages. Grasshoppers are more numerous than they have been before for some time, but generally have not done much damage as yet. In Durham, however, it is reported that they have damaged an acre of wheat owned by T. Hackett to such an extent that it is not worth cutting. They ate the heard and killed the kernel. They then attacked a field of oats. More extensive damage may be looked for next year.

The Army Worm.

The army worm has appeared in some localities in Maine, and has done considerable damage to grain. A field of sixty acres of oats and barley in Riverside was cut to prevent its destruction by the army worm. Fourteen acres of spring rye were also cut in Hartland to get it out of the way of the worm. Fields of barley in Augusta have been infested with large numbers of the pests. Some damage from the worms has occurred in Lewiston and other towns. A few of the worms have been found at Livermore Falls and elsewhere. The season is so far advanced now that extensive ravages are not likely to be committed by them.

In conclusion it may be said that the crops in Maine are, on the whole, fully up to an average, if not better than that. The farmers certainly have much to encourage them in the prospect of bountiful harvests. H. R.

Livermore Falls, Me., Aug. 9th, 1882.

For the New England Farmer.

FOOD FOR FOWLS.

The amount and kinds of food furnished fowls will materially vary the number of eggs received from them during the winter. As far as this question is concerned, there are three classes of persons caring for poultry—those habitually neglecting and ill feeding; those feeding bountifully but with little judgment or knowledge, and those who are endeavoring to feed in such a manner as to produce the best results. With the first class we have nothing to do, as only one result can possibly follow their mode of feeding. The second class care for their birds, but they go to the other extreme of over feeding or giving too little variety, and feed too much corn in some form. We have frequently visited yards of this class, and found corn thickly strewn over the runs, or corn meal dough filling the feed boxes, while the birds had eaten all that they possibly could and were not taking exercise enough to keep them in a healthy condition. The third class endeavor to observe the proper mean in feeding, both as to quantity, and kind. The only rule to be given as to quantity is to feed all that the birds will readily eat and no more. The greatest possible variety of food should be fed, keeping in mind the fact that corn meal in any form is very fattening, while wheat, buckwheat and oats are all egg producers, in about the order named. Green food should not be forgotten, but should be fed regularly. Let a plentiful supply of clean fresh water be kept where the fowls can have constant access to it, and do not forget that a little Douglas mixture or tincture of iron mixed with the water occasionally is of great advantage.

F. H. CORBIN.

Newington, Conn.

For the New England Farmer.

HOW WE MADE OUR ICE.

A little more than a year ago, I pulled down the old barn that had for three generations served to house the scanty hay crop of my "ancestral acres," in order, like the man in the parable, that I might "build greater;" for though I am not, like him, a rich man, still my ground had "brought forth plentifully" for the past few seasons, perhaps because I had learned to profit by the wise counsels of the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, and the number of head of stock kept upon the place had been gradually increasing, until I was cramped for room. The boards and timbers of the old barn were laid aside for firewood, to be cut up at some less busy time. In the summer an old friend, who, like myself, had been born and bred in the country, but was now for many years a successful business man in your city, came out with his wife to spend a few weeks with us upon the farm. We made it as pleasant as we could for them, but there was one deprivation they could not get used to, and that was, the lack of ice, a luxury that we had never greatly missed although we had often thought it would be "handy to have in the house." But none of the neighbors had it; there was none even in the village three miles away, nor indeed, was there pond or stream in the vicinity from which a supply could be obtained in the season.

Still my city friend insisted that we should have an ice house, and, being gifted with a certain handiness in the use of carpenters' tools, he built, from some of the lumber of the old barn, and with the help of my two boys, who regarded the whole job as a fine frolic, a neat and really very attractive little building, with double walls eight inches apart, and the interspace loosely packed with waste hay. A little ornamental carpenter work on the outside, with shingles "cut bias" as my wife said, and painted in two colors, made the affair very esthetic, even if I did not exactly see where the ice was to come from to fill it. But my boys knew just how this was to be done, and at once set about making a number of shallow boxes about 15 inches square and 8 inches deep, smoothly planed on the inside. With the cold nights of the winter the work of ice making began, the boys taking hold of it, as they had in building the ice house, just as if it was only fun. The boxes were partly filled with water from the spring and set on the shady side of the buildings in the day time, and left to freeze, more water being added at night. Sometimes they were slow in freezing, but there was time enough, and when the water had at length become a solid cake of ice, the box was turned over, and the crystal block was persuaded to come out; sometimes at the cost of breaking the boxes, but a hammer and nails soon put them all right again. Occasionally when there was a new snow, the boxes were filled with snow, which was pressed down as solidly as possible, and wet with water and left to freeze. This made blocks less clear than when water alone was used, but in no other way inferior. These blocks were not too heavy to handle, and packed beautifully in the ice house. Along toward Spring, the boys appropriated such tin milk pans as could be spared, and manufactured a lot of round ice cakes. These were easier to get out of the moulds, for just setting the pans in warm water for a moment, would loosen the ice so that it would drop out, but I must say they did not pack as well, nor keep as well, though that made but little difference, as they were used first when the warm weather came.

So this summer we have ice, and every day we wonder how we ever managed to get along without it. The labor of getting it was of course greater than it would have been to cut it from a pond and haul it home, if only we had a pond to get it from. Still the work was done at a time when there was little else to do, and the result more than pays for the cost and trouble. This method of getting a supply of ice is perfectly practicable for any farmer in New England, and might be very extensively practised even in the dryest regions, at a very insignificant cost, as it needs no elaborate preparation of markers and cutters, and involves no labor of a team in cutting and hauling.

No elaborate refrigerator is needed; a simple ice-chest, with double walls, and a pipe to carry off the waste water is enough, and anybody can build it in a few hours. J. W. S.

Franklin Co., Mass., August, 1882.

For the New England Farmer.

THE FARMER'S FOWL.

A farmer says, "Poultry for the table is what we want. We want hens that will lay eggs and a plenty of them. We want fowls that won't freeze their thin lop combs in our cold winter days, and we want a breed that will dress bright and clear at seven to ten months old a dozen pounds of meat to each pair. For such chickens we can get three dollars the pair in markets and this will pay."

New England Farmer.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1882.

The directors of the New England Fair have voted to extend the time for the entry of live stock to September 1st.

According to the *Inter-Ocean*, Chicago spends $1,500,000 annually on her schools, while the liquor trade of the city amounts to $15,000,000. Obviously Chicago whiskey is better than Chicago schools.

Another week of drought has still further parched and burned the fields in this section of the country, and many farmers are cutting up their corn and feeding it to their stock, having given up all hopes of maturing a crop.

The railroad corporations are again actively working to secure the rejection by the people of the State of New York of the constitutional amendment which has twice passed the legislature of that State, making the navigation of the canals free.

The Postmaster-General, after much consideration of the subject of the transmission through the mails of books which are alleged to be obscene or demoralizing, has decided that for the future he will leave the question of the immorality of any book to the courts, and will make no ruling excluding it from the mails, until the courts shall have decided that it comes in the category of obscene publications.

Senator Hoar has issued a manifesto to the people of Massachusetts in defence of his action in voting to pass the river and harbor bill over the President's veto, and it is really amusing to see the struggles of the newspapers, which defended and praised the President's action, now endeavoring to defend and praise the action of the Senator. If the measure was extravagant and unconstitutional three weeks ago, as Mr. Arthur declared it was, and as nearly every political newspaper in the country agreed with him most enthusiastically in so declaring, it certainly has not changed in the least of these particulars since that time, and is no less extravagant and unconstitutional today. It is quite possible that both the President and Mr. Hoar are equally conscientious in their views of the matter, but it is utterly impossible that both of these views should be right.

The present year promises to be memorable in the history of Arctic explorations. There are at present no less than nine expeditions either in the Arctic regions or preparing to go thither; Mr. Leigh Smith in the Eira; Sir Allen Young in search of the Eira; Lieut. Cripps of the Jeannette; the Jeannette search party; Nordenskjold, the Swedish Arctic explorer; Lieut. Havgaard, the Danish officer; Mr. Assheton Smith in the yacht Pandora; Sir Henry Gore-Booth in the Kara, and a Dutch expedition. Some of these, Lieut. Cripps and his party for instance, and probably Mr. Leigh Smith and the Eira, are doubtless lost, and if the usual average of disaster attends the others, there will have to be as many more new parties sent out next season to search for the searchers.

THE DEPARTMENT REPORTS.

The August crop returns of the department of agriculture, the work of about 6000 correspondents, give estimates covering the entire producing area of over 1000 of the principal agricultural counties of the United States upon the condition of most of the crops now growing.

The condition of cotton has improved during the last month. The general average has advanced from 92 to 94. This is higher by 3 points than in August, 1879, and lower by 8 than the August average of 1880. It is also 2 points lower than at the date in 1875, and 1 lower than in 1878, but is higher than in the five other years since 1872. The average condition of each state is as follows: Virginia, 98; Georgia, 94; Florida, 87; Alabama, 89; Mississippi, 91; Louisiana, 93; Texas, 100; Arkansas, 96; Tennessee, 86. Only North Carolina, Florida and Louisiana show a decline. Virginia has gained 4; Georgia, 2; Alabama, 6; Mississippi, 4; Texas, 3; Arkansas, 6, and Tennessee, 8. South Carolina has the same average as in July. There is no injury from drought, except in a slight degree in a few districts in Texas. In the northern and eastern divisions of that state there has been an excess of rain, causing too vigorous growth of stalk, delay in fruiting, and sometimes shedding of bolls. In the entire cotton belt there is reported excess of moisture injurious in proportion to retentiveness of soils. This case accounts for the comparative low condition in North Carolina, where it is now deemed too late for entire recuperation. Rust begins to appear in the districts where rains have been in excess, but without damage as yet. The caterpillar has made its appearance in all the states of the gulf coast, and, though no injury has resulted, many apprehensions of future loss are expressed. The boll worm is also mentioned in several states. A large number of the returns are highly favorable, prophesying a crop "as large as the land can produce," or "better than for many years."

The wheat returns of August relate to the spring variety. Its condition is higher than for several years. It was 88 in 1880, and 81 in 1879 and 1881. It is now 97, against 100 last month. It is somewhat late, but was nearly ready for harvest at date of return. There are some indications of rust and blight in parts of Minnesota. In northern Iowa the crop is held to be the best since 1877. The returns from Dakota and Nebraska are extremely favorable. The general averages of the principal states are as follows: Wisconsin, 99; Minnesota, 98; Iowa, 93; Dakota, 99; Nebraska, 103; Colorado, 96. It is quite probable that the product of winter and spring wheat, without loss by sprouting after harvest, will slightly exceed 500,000,000 bushels, but the extravagant estimates which assume 15 to 20 per cent more are wild assumptions, needlessly tending to reduce the price of wheat in the hands of farmers.

Special Agent Moffett, of the department of agriculture, cables from London that wheat in England promises an average crop of good quality; in France, medium, slightly damaged by rain in the blooming period; in Germany, recent heavy rains have deteriorated the quality of a fairly abundant product; in Russia and Austria, an average crop; in Hungary, 15 per cent above the average. The European outlook is favorable for a medium product, with some reduction in quality.

The condition of the corn crop is represented by 83, as against 77 of last month. At this date in 1881, the effect of drought was seen in the reduction of 13 points in the general condition during July, followed by greater deterioration in August. At the present time circumstances are favorable for further improvement in most of the states. The averages of the southern states are nearly all above 100. The surplus-producing states average as follows: Ohio, 88; Michigan, 78; Indiana, 78; Illinois, 59; Iowa, 70; Missouri, 91; Kansas, 106; Nebraska, 98; New England ranges from 87 in Massachusetts to 96 in Connecticut; New York, 85; Pennsylvania, 90; New Jersey, 93.

The general averages of the condition of other crops are as follows: Oats, 102; spring rye, 100; barley, 95; buckwheat, 97; potatoes, 101; tobacco, 87.

VERMONT CROP PROSPECTS.—A dispatch of the 15th from St. Johnsbury says that the drought in that vicinity has come to an end, and the fears of the farmers that crops would be irreparably injured, will not be realized. A cool wave, with frequent showers, has succeeded the dry weather, and producers now profess themselves as confident of large crops. The recent hot weather has been excellent for hay, and the yield is said to be twenty per cent heavier than last year. The prospect is favorable for an unusually large yield of potatoes, the weather having been very favorable during the last few weeks. The corn crop promises to be at least an average one and never looked better at this season of the year. Oats are fair, and the harvest will be an average one. Wheat looks finely, and indicates a larger yield than for several years. The yield of fruit is very light, especially apples, and the yield will be very light in this vicinity. If the hot, dry weather had continued a few days longer, the result would have been disastrous.

THE VERMONT STATE FAIR.

The Vermont State Agricultural Society, and the Champlain Valley Association, are making extensive and elaborate preparations for their union exhibition, which is to be held at Howard Park, Burlington, on the 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th of September, and which it is intended to make the most complete exposition ever held of the agricultural and mechanical industries of the State. The grounds on which the fair is to be held are situated on the shore of Lake Champlain, close to the railroad track, and about a mile south of the station of the Central Vermont Railroad. The sum of $25,000 has been laid out upon these grounds and the buildings, sheds, &c., to be used for the purposes of the exhibition, with the result of making what are undoubtedly the best arranged and most attractive exhibition ground in New England. The Mechanics' and Floral Halls are spacious and well arranged buildings. Extensive sheds and stalls for sheep, cattle and horses have been built, and a grand stand having a seating capacity for 5000 people has been erected. The grounds are now being inclosed with a high fence, and a handsome main entrance way is being constructed opposite the railroad track at an expense of $1000. The grounds have been named "Howard Park," in honor of Mr. John P. Howard of Burlington, the well known philanthropist. The premium list is very liberal and well balanced, so as to give to each of the great agricultural industries of the State, its due share of encouragement. For horses the premiums aggregate $4000; in the cattle department gold and silver medals and single cash premiums amounting to $1200 are offered; in sheep, medals of gold and silver for flocks, with cash premiums of $500, and for swine and poultry the premiums are equally liberal. The dairy interest receives due recognition, as one of the leading agricultural specialties, and the premiums for the minor products of the farm and garden are sufficiently liberal. The officers of the Exhibition Society are as follows: President, Henry Chase, Lyndon; Clerk, E. F. Brownell, Burlington; Treasurer, C. M. Spaulding, Burlington; General Superintendent, James A. Shedd, Burlington; Chief Marshal, L. A. Drew, Burlington.

A NEW CATTLE DISEASE.

A new and mysterious disease has broken out among the cattle in some sections of Pennsylvania. They have been known to drop dead 15 minutes after they were first attacked. Two cows were driven into pasture early in the morning. They were apparently well, but in 20 minutes they dropped dead. The rest of the herd commenced bellowing and pawing the earth, and pranced about the dead carcasses that were rapidly swelling. In a short time six more of the same drove were dead. The owner had their swollen bodies carefully limed and buried in the woods. In this way some 35 head of cattle perished on different adjoining farms. Some died in the stable. One farmer found two cows dead in the barnyard. When the cattle are first attacked they refuse to eat or drink. They seem to be seized with a chill, and breathing becomes difficult. Some moan and appear to be in great pain. In a short time they lie down, and die in great agony. Their bodies swell out of proportion, and a very foul odor is emitted. A hasty examination of one of the bodies shows that the blood of the dead animals turns completely black. A veterinary surgeon has been kept very busy for the past few days and at present is working day and night. He says the disease starts in the head, and he has become deathly sick while boring the horns of sick cattle. He says that the cows are dying from apoplexy of the spleen, and his opinion is concurred in by others, who are also busily engaged in the work of attending to various herds now in quarantine. The spleen of some of the dead carcasses is found to be quite putrid. The bodies of dead animals are very poisonous, and one man has already died from lockjaw and blood poisoning. He undertook to skin a carcass for its hide and also to perform a post mortem. Some of the poison of the animal got into his system through a wound on his hand, and in a few hours his entire system was poisoned. His body, arms and limbs became fearfully swollen and covered with black blotches. He was then attacked with lockjaw, and died in terrible agony. Two others who assisted him narrowly escaped death. Their blotches were burned with caustic. Since then no attempts have been made to skin animals or examine them. They are buried in a hurry, and the balance of the herd quarantined. All barnyards and stables are being thoroughly cleansed and farmers are quickly quarantining all their cattle. The disease is contagious, and said to be worse than rinderpest or pleuro-pneumonia.

THE HOP CROP.

Returns of the hop crop of the United States, received by the agricultural bureau, indicate a small rate of yield, about 365 pounds per acre on over 30,000 acres reported in New York. The total area of the State now slightly exceeds 40,000 acres. The indications point to a product of not more than 93,000 bales of 280 pounds in that State. The area of Wisconsin plantations has decreased. The breadth of the Pacific coast crop has been increased, with present conditions favorable.

The market continues very firm. New York crop, 1881, is steady at fifty cents, and Eastern at forty-four to forty-six cents. The latest London report says that the market is steadily advancing. Brewers are taking the hops now, and the stocks are so small that every parcel there is sold, raises the price of those which are left, several shillings. Reports from the foreign crop are worse and worse. The total of the new crop which the English brewer will be able to command, from all directions, will not exceed 200,000 cwt., and the annual consumption is 600,000 cwt.; hence there must be a deficiency of 400,000 cwt. in Great Britain alone. The American grower who is so fortunate as to have produced hops this year, should be very careful about accepting the offer of buyers who desire to contract for whole fields ungathered. Indications point to the highest prices ever known. It is even suggested that one dollar per pound may be reached abroad.

CATTLE QUARANTINE.—Acting Secretary of the Treasury French has sent a letter to the Collectors at New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston and Portland, calling their attention to the act of Congress making provision for the establishment of cattle quarantine stations, and stating that it is the desire of the Department to provide proper shelter for imported cattle at these ports as soon as convenient. The Collectors are instructed to consider the best method of doing this, and also where such quarantine stations should be established. The Treasury Cattle Commission has been authorized to advise with the Collectors upon the subject. Judge French's letter says it has been suggested that at some of the ports the transportation companies may be willing to aid in furnishing the accommodations desired, and also that the place selected for quarantine stations should be accessible by water carriage, and such that cattle in quarantine may be isolated from other cattle, and that each importation may also be isolated from other importations.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In the *Popular Science Monthly* for September, are two articles on the subject of electricity, the first by Mr. C. M. Lungren, devoted to a consideration of the relative cost of lighting by electricity and by gas, the other by Mr. W. Mattieu Williams presenting some considerations which have been commonly overlooked in the popular notions of the utility of the electric force in its applications to work. Dr. Oswald has a brilliant article on "Longevity," Mr. H. L. Fairchild writes of the different methods by which animals defend themselves against the attacks of their enemies. Prof. C. M. Woodward presents some timely and sensible remarks on the subject of education, to which he thinks a more practical turn should be given in our schools and colleges. Prof. G. H. Perkins of the University of Vermont, points out what is lacking in the training of physicians, and what they will be required to know and to practise in the future. Mr. Hector George presents a number of suggestions as to the poisonous products which result from various manufacturing operations, and the means of counteracting their dangerous effects. Other interesting articles are devoted to "Brazilian Diamonds," the pretended process of "Thought Reading," the "Trials by Fire" so common in the middle ages, and among barbarous peoples, the "Manners and Customs of the Chinese," and "Anthropoid Mythology" a curious study concerning monkeys. A sketch and portrait of Thomas Say, the great American entomologist, are given, and the usual entertaining and practical variety in the editorial departments.

Harper's Magazine for September has more than the usual variety of illustrated articles, Surrey in England, and York in Maine form the subjects of two delightful articles, which show by their illustrations some of the differences between the Old and the New Englands. The fifth—and we are sorry to say the last—of Mr. Lathrop's "Spanish Vistas" describes the coast towns of Spain from Malaga to Barcelona, and is charmingly illustrated by Mr. Reinhart, who, throughout the entire series has shown remarkably good taste in his selections of scenes and personages for illustration, as well as great skill and strength in their delineation. Mr. T. W. Higginson continues his American historical series of articles with an illustrated paper devoted to the supposed visits of the Norsemen to this continent. Then there is an illustrated story of the wives of Weinsberg in Suabia, who, by their keen wits saved their husbands, as their most precious possessions, when their town was captured by King Konrad. Mr. E. P. Whipple contributes his personal recollections of Emerson; Mr. David A. Curtis discusses the problem of the navigation of the Mississippi river, and how it may be improved, a subject of peculiar interest, in view of the large sum just voted for that purpose by Congress; there are two excellent short stories beside the regular instalment of Mr. Black's serial; and there are poems by H. H. Boyesen and Philip Bourke Marston, beside the usual variety of entertaining reading in the "Easy Chair," the "Drawer" and the Editorial departments.

The September number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is fully up to the magazine's usual high standard of excellence, though we think most readers would object to so large a portion of its pages being filled with fragments, a natural consequence of endeavoring to carry on three serial stories at one and the same time. "Studies in the South" this time deal with educational matters, in the same candid and impartial style that has marked the previous papers of the series, in which we think there has been a great deal of "the frozen truth," right along ever since they began. The struggles of the secession war are recalled by a vivid article entitled "The Last Chance of the Confederacy" which tells how nearly Sherman's army came to a crushing disaster at Bentonville, a battle which the writer thinks Gen. Sherman has rather slurred over in his memoirs. Mr. R. Fellow discusses the possibility of finding dramatic material in the events of American history; Mr. M. D. Conway has a very interesting paper, entitled "A Geologic Ramble on the Weald;" Elizabeth Robbins contributes a very readable article on "Evil in Greek Mythology;" and Mr. F. H. Cushing has the first instalment of an interesting and instructive contribution entitled "The Nation of the Willows." The "Contributors' Club" and the reviews of recent publications are as usual well considered and entertaining.

The North American Review for September has for its leading article a very forcible presentment, by Dorman B. Eaton, of the evils produced by the practice of levying "Political Assessments." The paper is noteworthy for its striking array of facts, but more so because it will be universally regarded as the ultimatum of a large and influential section of the Republican Party, addressed to the party leaders. "Oaths in Legal Proceedings," by Judge Edward A. Thomas, is a discussion of the question whether the interests of morality and of public justice alike, would not be promoted by the abrogation of all laws requiring testimony to be given under the sanction of an oath. Thompson B. Maury, late of the Signal Office, contributes an article on "Tornadoes and their Causes," which in addition to its scientific interest, possesses the merit of suggesting many practical measures for averting disaster to life and property from wind-storms. "Architecture in America," by Clarence Cook, is marked by a freedom of utterance that is refreshing. In this respect it deserves to rank with Commander Gorringe's celebrated paper on the United States Navy. Augustus G. Cobb writes of "Earth-Burial and Cremation," and J. F. Manning, in an article entitled "The Geneva Award and the Ship-Owners," sets forth the justice of the claims of consignors of cargoes and owners of vessels to indemnification out of the Geneva Award fund, for losses from the acts of Confederate cruisers. The Review is sold by booksellers and newsdealers generally.

THE FORESTRY CONGRESS.

The forestry congress to be held in Montreal next week, August 21 and 22, will consider these subjects:

How to conserve existing forests.
The best methods of working timber lands in the interests of the holders, of the public, and of the revenue.
The duties of governments in regard to forestry.
How to promote the extension of timber-bearing lands in districts where timber is scarce, and how best to introduce it into the treeless regions of the West.
The protection of forests from fire.
The necessity for special instruction in forestry.
The best trees to plant for commercial, climatic, sanitary and ornamental purposes.
Forests in their relation to the water supply.
Utility of roadside planting.
Shade tree planting for towns.
Fruit tree cultivation.
Climatology and forestry.

The first meeting of the congress, in Cincinnati, has been followed by important results. The coming session promises to be largely attended. The list of subjects shows that practical considerations will be preferred to mere theory.

A DOWN EAST TORNADO.—A terrible tornado of fully ten minutes' duration swept over Bangor at 5.30 P. M., on Tuesday, and its effects were disastrous in the extreme. The county court house on Hammond Street was partially unroofed, and the spire of the Universalist church demolished by lightning and a hole made in the roof. Norembega Hall was struck and the roof considerably damaged. Store fronts were blown in, outhouses blown down and unroofed, vessels in the harbor blown adrift and damaged, the Bangor boom broken and a half million feet of logs let out. The Bangor House was struck by lightning and the main stairway and several rooms demolished by a large chimney which went crashing through. Lumber was blown off wharves and rafts out of docks, dwellings were unroofed by the wind and set on fire by the electric fluid. The streets were like canals and goods in cellars were damaged to an unknown extent. Pedestrians, and even horses, were literally lifted from their feet and blown along the streets. Orchards and standing crops were levelled in many directions. During the storm a set of buildings in Veazie was destroyed by fire, caused by lightning. Fortunately the storm was local, and covered but a very small extent of territory.

THE purity and elegant perfume of Parker's Hair Balsam explain the popularity of this reliable restorative.

AN English agricultural journal announces that the apple crop there is comparatively a failure this year; in France a poor half crop is calculated upon; in Germany one-third crop only; in Holland only half a crop, and in Belgium not half a crop. The prospects are, therefore, very favorable for shipments from America to England.

WHEAT Bitters. The best blood, brain and nerve food in existence. It is a scientific preparation which will do all that is claimed for it.

SOME fine Arab horses were recently sold at auction in London. A stallion brought $2625, and brood mares averaged $600 each.

☞ A pint of the finest ink for families or schools can be made from a ten-cent package of Diamond Dye. Try them.

A $7000 diamond was recently found in the bed of a creek near Danbury, N. C. Other large ones have been found in the State.

SKINNY MEN.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

THE Sprague mansion at Canonchet has been stripped of its furniture. The property was taken on a writ of replevin by Assignee Chafee.

THE LIFE-SAVING STATIONS. — Superintendent Kimball of the life-saving service, expects to have nearly all the stations on the Atlantic coast fully manned by September 1st. The late date at which the appropriations passed has made it difficult to make the needed contracts in time. The appropriation was $20,000 below what was necessary to give surfmen the expected increase of pay, $50 per month. It will probably do this by not opening some of the stations until about September 1st. There are quite a number it is entirely safe to leave unoccupied till that date. Such an arrangement will make it possible to equalize the pay at $50. This is the sum he expects to be able to pay through on the lakes.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE FAIR.—The time for the coming State Fair Exhibition in Concord has been fixed for September 19, 20 and 21. The premium list will be increased from 20 to 25 per cent over last year. A large sum will be offered for the best town team. Liberal purses will be made up for trotting. In the list of attractions will be placed quite a number of new features. Reports from many sections indicate that the farmers are decidedly enthusiastic on the subject and will give the exhibition a most generous support.

DON'T be alarmed at Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any disease of the kidneys, liver, or urinary organs, as Hop Bitters will certainly and lastingly cure you, and it is the only thing that will.

Miscellaneous Items.

☞ The army worm has appeared in vast numbers in certain parts of Nova Scotia.

☞ There were 321 families evicted in Ireland in July.

☞ Nevada will send from 40,000 to 50,000 beef cattle to market this year.

☞ The corn crop in Cuba has been destroyed by the drought.

☞ The Great Western Railway of Canada has been amalgamated with the Grand Trunk.

☞ The thunderstorm last week caused a great many fires in Maine and New Hampshire, and much destruction of property.

☞ In Bristol, Vt., last week, Elias Buel, an old man 80 years of age was fatally gored by a bull which he was taking to water.

☞ Twenty houses in the St. Sauveur suburb of Quebec were burned on Saturday last; loss $60,000.

☞ Several summer boarding houses and other buildings were burned at Rye Beach on Tuesday; loss about $15,000.

☞ There were fifty deaths from yellow fever at Mattamoras, for the week ending Sunday morning.

☞ In July 231 outrages, including two murders, were committed in Ireland. In June there were 283, including five murders.

☞ There were heavy frosts Sunday night at several places in New Hampshire and Vermont.

☞ The Passumpsic railroad depot and woodshed at the Thetford and Lyme station, together with Eaton's store, were destroyed by fire on Sunday.

☞ A couple of robbers beat the cashier and his female assistant of the First National Bank in Kewanee, Ill., Monday evening and robbed the institution of $20,000.

☞ John H. Rawley's stables in Providence, R. I., were destroyed by fire on Monday with all their contents including 17 horses and 20 carriages.

☞ Such large numbers of smelt are dying in Lake Champlain that in some spots the surface is thickly covered with them, appearing at a little distance like flecks of foam.

☞ Frosts are reported from Wisconsin, and on Thursday of last week a steamboat captain on Lake Michigan encountered a snow storm which covered his decks to the depth of six inches.

☞ Congress having failed to make provision for the clerical force of the National Board of Health, all the clerks in that office have been discharged, with the exception of the secretary and chief clerk.

☞ Young Smith of Charlestown, who was shot by Sergeant Kelley at Fort Popham, Me., last month, died on Sunday. The shooting will be brought before the attention of the grand jury.

☞ A fire at Brewer, Me., last Saturday destroyed the planing mill of Smith Woodbury & Co., and a large amount of timber belonging to various parties, the total loss amounting to nearly $10,000.

☞ Several employes of the Troy & Greenfield railroad, who have been for years making a practice of stealing valuable freight from the cars while on the road between North Adams and Troy, were arrested last week.

☞ A despatch from Contoocook, N. H., says that in an adjoining town a number of animals are dying in their pastures. It is conjectured that the great drought forced them to crop unhealthy herbage, or that they suffered from the lack of good water.

☞ Apache Indians from the San Carlos agency, and armed with United States Winchester rifles, are raiding in Mexico, and have completely terrorized the country, killing the citizens, burning crops and buildings, and driving off stock.

☞ An American fisherman named Perkins, belonging to a Provincetown schooner, who had got astray from his vessel in a dory during a dense fog, was picked up last week by a provincial schooner, after he had been four days and nights without food.

☞ A National Fair is to be held in the rotunda of the capital at Washington, beginning on the 25th of November next, and ending on the 3d of December, the object being to raise funds for the erection of a statue in Washington to the memory of the late President Garfield.

☞ The Prohibitionists are the first in the field of Massachusetts politics this year, having nominated Hon. Charles Almy of New Bedford for Governor, and Hon. John Blackmer of Springfield for Lieutenant-Governor; the remainder of the ticket is the same as that of last year.

☞ Five cars of new corn, well matured and in good condition, arrived at St. Louis on Saturday, and was sold at auction on change for $6.75 per bushel. It was raised near Waco, Texas. It is stated that car lots of the new crop will be ready for shipment from Texas the latter part of this month.

☞ A special from Atchison, Kansas, says that almost the entire town of Mankato, Kansas, on the Central branch of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, was destroyed by fire last Sunday night. This is said to be the third attempt to burn the town, and the business men there have offered a reward for the capture of the incendiaries.

☞ Among the applicants for the large number of positions in the war and interior departments that were filled last week, were several women, who, not being appointed, have held an indignation meeting, and threaten to make things extremely uncomfortable for the horrid men who have given all their clerkships to masculine applicants.

☞ A tenement house on Fellows street in this city took fire last Monday night, and although the building itself was not greatly damaged, several of the occupants were nearly suffocated and badly burned before they could escape, owing to the fact that there was but one stairway, and one outside door to the building, and no fire escape.

☞ The lumbermen in the Ottawa district are excited over new regulations governing the importation of Canadian lumber into the United States. It appears that lumber which has been imported as one inch boards are really an inch and a quarter thick, and the United States government, having discovered this fact, has issued an order which bas for the present caused a practical suspension of the lumber business.

☞ The *Maine Farmer* of the 12th publishes crop reports from every section of the State, compiled by a corps of special correspondents, giving the outlook on Aug. 1. These reports show a great hay crop gathered, in fine condition; corn and potatoes backward, but coming forward well; bugs successfully fought; devastation by the army worm circumscribed; feed in pastures up to this time luxuriant, but the effects of the drought are beginning to be felt. The cheese factories have done well.

☞ The Hartford *Courant* publishes brief reports from various parts of the State, which indicate that the drought is very severe, and will prove disastrous to the crops unless soon broken by heavy rains. The pastures are drying up, and there will be no aftermath. The tobacco crop, while reported in fair condition in some portions of the State, in most sections will be nearly a failure. Potatoes have ceased to grow, apples are falling off and drying up, while corn leaves and stalks in most places are so dry and give so little promise of furnishing ears that much of it has been cut up for fodder.

☞ An insane asylum at Lancaster, Pa., was burned on Sunday; loss $70,000. None of the patients were injured.

☞ More than four times the average annual destruction of life by lightning has already occurred in the United States this season.

☞ A boom holding logs owned by the Fall Mountain Paper Company, at Bellows Falls, Vermont, broke away on Monday, and about 200,000 feet went down the river, causing considerable loss to the company.

☞ A Steubenville, Ohio special, states that the Texas cattle fever prevails to an alarming extent there and in neighboring counties in Ohio and West Virginia. Of the cattle recently brought from the Southwest, a large proportion of the animals have died.

☞ Vermont bee keepers report that this is an extremely bad year for bees; they have no surplus honey up to this time, and have sent out few new swarms. The prospect is that they will require much feeding for the winter to come.

☞ The great iron strike has lasted two months, and the strikers have lost about $4,000,000 in wages in the Pittsburg district alone. About twenty establishments whose workmen went into the strike, have resumed operations.

☞ They had a tornado in Garland, Me., last week, by which a barn of Francis Philbrick, and an unoccupied house, with a number of sheds, were blown down. Many trees and miles of fences were prostrated. Martin C. Gerry had about an acre of trees in his woods blown down, and one cow killed.

☞ An agreement dated July 29, to last two years, has been entered into between Secretary Frelinghuysen for the United States, and Senor Romero for Mexico, by which the troops of both countries shall be allowed to pursue Indians into the territory of each Government, said troops to return as soon as they have accomplished their mission, or as soon as they lose the trail.

THE greatest of all personal charms is a beautiful face. Young ladies and women, do not forget this. Education and health will place you above the average woman, but when you have a clear complexion, without the slightest tendency to any skin disease, you are possessed with charms that will be a pleasure to the day of your death. Apply Swayne's Ointment on the appearance of any Skin Eruption, and you will feel glad and happy. If troubled with Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles, you will find this Ointment the best in the market.

The Markets.

BOSTON RETAIL PRICES.

Inside of Faneuil Hall Market.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 16, 1882.

[Corrected weekly by HILTON & WOODWARD, No. 5, *Veal and Mutton;* GEO. H. RUSSELL, Nos. 17 & 19 *Poultry and Game;* H. BIRD & CO., Nos. 38 & 40, *Beef, Pork, Lard and Hams;* CROSBY, BROS. & CO., Nos. 57 & 59, *Butter, Cheese and Eggs;* SANDS, FURBER & CO., Nos. 88 & 90, *Fruit and Vegetables;* SHATTUCK & JONES, No. 128, *Fish;* GEO. E. RICHARDSON & CO., No. 1, F. H. Square, *Fruit and Nuts.*]

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

Butter, ₰ lb—		Cheese, ₰ lb . . .	10 @ . 16
Lump	30 @ . 60	Sage	12 @ . 16
Creamery, . .	30 @ . 35	Pine apple . .	@ . 30
Prime tub . .	27 @ . 30	Neufchatel, ea .	@ . 8
2d quality . .	24 @ . 26	Eggs, ₰ doz . .	26 @ . 28
common, . .	20 @ 23	Cape, ...	28 @ . 35

Fruits and Berries.

Apples—₰ bbl	4 50 @ 6 00	Grapes—	
₰ qt . . .	50 @ . 75	Concord, lb . .	5 @ . 6
Blackberries, qt	15 @ . 20	Lemons, ₰ doz	25 @ . 30
Blueberries, qt .	15 @ . 18	Oranges, ₰ doz	40 @ . 70
Cantaloupes, ea .	10 @ . 25	Raspberries, qt	@ . 40
Cocoanuts, ea . .	5 @ . 8	Watermelons, .	20 @ . 60
Currants, qt . .	15 @ . 20		

Fruits and Nuts—Dry and Canned.

Almonds, ₰ lb .	25 @ . 40	Prunes, ₰ lb . .	15 @ . 20
Apples, ₰ lb . .	8 @ 12	Peaches, ₰ lb .	20 @ . 25
Apricots, ₰ lb .	25 @ . 30	₰ qt can . . .	@ . 60
Celery, bch . .	@ . 15	Raisins, lay's ₰ lb	25 @ . 33
Citron, ₰ lb . .	25 @ . 38	keg, ₰ lb . .	10 @ . 15
Dates, ₰ lb . .	10 @ . 15	Shagharas, ₰ qt	8 @ . 10
Figs, ₰ lb . . .	15 @ . 40	Walnuts, Engl'd	15 @ . 20
Filberts, ₰ lb .	15 @ . 20	Naples, . . .	@ . 20
Peanuts ₰ qt .	10 @ . 15	Zante curts, ₰ lb	@ . 12
Pecans ₰ lb . . .	@ . 20		

Vegetables.

Beans, ₰ pk . .	87 @ 1 00	Peas, split, ₰ qt .	@ . 10
String, pk . .	25 @ . 40	Green, pk . . .	@ . 75
Beets, ₰ bch . .	@ . 8	Potatoes, ₰ pk .	@ . 40
Cabbages, ea . .	10 @ . 15	₰ bushel . .	@ 1 25
Carrots, ₰ bch .	@ . 5	₰ barrel . .	3 00 @ 3 25
Cauliflowers, ea .	@ . 25	Sage and Thyme—	
Cucumbers, ea .	@ . 3	₰ bunch . . .	@ . 6
Egg plants, ea .	10 @ . 15	Squashes—	
Green corn, doz .	@ . 25	Marrow, ₰ lb .	@ . 3
Lettuce ₰ head .	@ . 5	Summer, ea .	@ . 10
Mushrooms, ₰ l qt	1 25 @ 1 50	Tomatoes, ₰ lb .	@ . 10
Onions, pk . . .	@ . 50	Turnips, ₰ bch .	@ . 10

Meats—Fresh.

Beef, ₰ lb—		Lard, leaf, . .	12 @ . 15
Sirloin steak	27 @ . 33	Tried	16 @ . 20
Round do. . .	18 @ . 25	Mutton—	
Rib, roast . .	20 @ . 25	legs, ₰ lb . .	18 @ . 20
Chuck rib . .	14 @ . 15	fore qr, ₰ lb .	12 @ . 16
Plate and rvls	8 @ . 10	chops	17 @ . 25
Soup pieces .	6 @ . 10	Pork, lb—	
Liver	10 @ . 12	Roast and stks	13 @ . 15
Hearts, ₰ lb .	6 @ . 8	Suet, ₰ lb . .	9 @ . 11
Hogs, round, ₰ lb .	6 @ .	Tallow, ₰ lb .	8 @ . 10
Head, plain .	5 @ . 10	Veal, light . .	8 @ 17
Kidney, each .	@ . 10	fore qr . . .	10 @ . 13
Lamb—		loins	15 @ . 25
Hind qr, ₰ lb .	18 @ . 20	Sweetbreads, ₰ lb	@ . 60
fore qr, ₰ lb .	12 @ . 16		

Meats—Salt, Smoked, &c.

Pork, hams, ₰ lb	15 @ . 17	smoked, ea .	87 @ 1 00
Bacon, ₰ lb . .	13 @ . 16	Sheep, do. ₰ dz	@ . 50
Shoulders, ₰ lb	11 @ . 14	Pigs' feet, ₰ lb	@ . 8
Salt, ₰ lb . . .	12 @ . 14	Sausages . . .	10 @ . 15
Beef, corned, ₰ lb	11 @ . 15	Bologna, ₰ lb .	12 @ . 15
Smoked, ₰ lb .	20 @ . 25	Tripe, ₰ lb . . .	10 @ . 15
Tongues, ₰ lb .	13 @ . 15		

Poultry and Game.

Chickens, ₰ lb .	20 @ . 30	Pigeons, ₰ doz	50 @ 1 00
spring, ₰ lb .	@ . 35	Rabbits, ₰ pair	50 @ 1 00
Ducks, ch'ce, ₰	15 @ . 20	Pigs, sck'g, ea	1 50 @ 3 00
Fowls, ₰ lb . .	17 @ . 25	quarter, ₰ lb	10 @ . 15
Turkeys, . . .	18 @ . 25	Squirrels, ea .	@ . 25
Green, ₰ lb . .	18 @ . 25	choice, ₰ lb .	25 @ . 30

Fish—Fresh.

Bass, ₰ lb . . .	@ . 17	Haddock, ₰ lb .	@ . 6
Blackfish, lb . .	10 @ . 12	Halibut, ₰ lb .	@ . 15
Cod, ₰ lb . . .	@ . 6	chicken, ₰ lb .	@ . 10
pickled, ₰ lb .	@ . 6	Mackerel, ea . .	@ 12
tongues, ₰ lb .	@ . 15	Spanish, lb . .	@ . 35
cheeks, ₰ lb . .	@ . 10	Pond'r Salmon,	@ . 30
Liver Oil, qt .	@ . 50	Trout, doz . . .	@ . 15
Cusk, ₰ lb . . .	@ . 6	Pickerel, ₰ lb .	10 @ . 12
Eels, ₰ lb . . .	10 @ . 12	Tautog, ₰ lb . .	@ . 12
Flounders, ea . .	6 @ . 10	Trout, salmon, ₰ lb	@ . 17
Frog's Legs, ₰ pr	@ . 35	brook, ₰ lb . .	@ . 75
Green Turtle, ₰ lb	@ . 20	Turbot, ₰ lb . .	@ . 10

Fish—Dry, Smoked, Shell, &c.

Cod, dry, ₰ lb .	7 @ . 10	Lobster, ₰ lb . .	@ . 10
Clams, ₰ gall .	@ . 75	Oysters—Com. stew,	
Halibut, smkd, ₰ lb	@ . 15	₰ gall	1 25
Fins	@ . 10	Salmon, smk'd ₰ lb	20 @ . 25
Herrings, do. ₰ dz	@ . 20	Pickled, ₰ lb . .	@ . 20
Scaled, ₰ box .	@ . 35	Soft sh. crabs, ₰ c	1 00
Mackerel—		Tongues and Sounds—	
Salt, each . .	@ . 8	₰ lb	@ . 12½
Salt, ₰ kit .	3 00 @ 5 00		

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

WEDNESDA

New England Farmer,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY

DARLING & KEITH,

41 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements, 1st insertion, 12 cts. per line.
Each subsequent insertion, 8 " " "
Business Notices, first 15 " "
Each subsequent " 12 " "
Reading Matter Notices, 50 " "

Advertisements must be sent in as early in the week as possible, and will be inserted in the first issue after receipt. Advertisements must be sent in as early in the week as possible, to secure insertion.

Advertisements will be received on Tuesday, to secure insertion.

Advertisers are charged for the space occupied in the paper, and not by measure.

Advertisements are charged for the space occupied in the paper, and not by measure.

Payment for advertising must be prepaid.

Payment for advertising must be prepaid.

Cuts inserted without extra charge.

Cuts inserted without extra charge.

No advertisement inserted for less than one dollar.

No advertisement inserted for less than one dollar.

Special Notices for Probate and Farm Advertising.

Special Notices for Probate and Farm Advertising.

The above are net prices for all advertising less than 100 lines.

The above are net prices for all advertising less than 100 lines.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

The following, who are authorized Agents of the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, will canvass for subscriptions in the following Counties in Maine:

. . . FRANKLIN Co., MASS.
. . . WASHINGTON VT.
. . . CALEDONIA Co., VT.
. . . OXFORD, FRANKLIN and SOMERSET Cos., Me.
. . . ESSEX Co., MASS.
. . . WINDSOR CO., VT.

Subscribers will please forward their subscriptions to the Agent for each. The Agent to call. The date on the yellow address show how far they have paid.

Farmers' Directory.

Cards appear in this column only of such reliable in the business.

KENNEDY & MURPHY,
. . . *Franklin, Boston,*
. . . and Harness," Standard
. . . by J. R. HILL & CO.,
. . . skilled mechanics.
. . . Tanned Leather. All
. . . of heavy HARNESS

HIGHLAND FOUNDRY CO.,
. . . Castings in
FURNACES, RANGES, STOVES, HOLLOW WARE, Etc.,
. . . 51, 53 & 55 North St.
. . . Street, Boston.

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO.
The Old and Reliable Fertilizer. For Sale throughout New England.
. . . and directions fur-

. . . & CURTIS,
. . . Building, BOSTON.
. . . MERCHANTS.
. . . 1857.
JONAS. BIGELOW & CO.,
. . . AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
. . . MARKET STREET,
. . . line of Fruit, Pro-

. . . ISHED 1848.
. . . ANDREWS & CO.,
. . . IN
BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, POULTRY,
Beans, Dried and Evaporated Apples, &c.
No. BOSTON.
. . . CHAS. A. KEYES

. . . ESTABLISHED 1856.
WM. F. BROOKS & CO.
. . . and Wholesale Dealers in
FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Beans, Pork, Lard, Dried Apples, &c.
. . . New England House.
. . . CHAS. O. BROOKS.

. . . FURE.
. . . ESTABLISHED 1850.
W. P. H. BROOKS,
. . . Manufacturer of
FURNITURE, CARPETINGS,
Stoves, Looking Glasses, Mattresses, Clocks, &c.
. . . HANOVER STREET.
. . . Marshall st.

. . . INSURANCE.
Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
. . . ENDING JANUARY 1, 1882, . . .
. . . PAID IN FULL . . .

Hood's Sarsaparilla gives an appetite and imparts strength, and overcomes all the functions of the body. Try a bottle and realize it.

A cow standing in front of the large windows of a store at Walton, Ga., the other day, happened to see her shadow in the glass. She bowed her neck and prepared for a fight, and seeing the cow in the glass assuming the same warlike attitude, with a shriek, snort and a heavy plunge landed herself inside the store with the fragments of glass falling over her back. It was a question which was the most surprised, the bovine or the proprietor.

NOVEL COMPARISON.—With one of Beck's fine London Microscopes, which magnifies several thousand diameters, D. D. Thatcher, a chemist at 214 Main street, Cincinnati, has subjected *June* and *white winter butter* to a careful comparison. The substances wanting in the white butter have thus been traced out and supplied to perfection with his Orange Butter Color. The microscope is truly an instrument of worth and wonder.

IOWANS was visited by a remarkable sand storm last spring, which lasted for two weeks, and during which the temperature was intensely cold. The air was filled with dry, fine sand to such an extent that it was impossible to see more than a short distance, and the sun was rarely visible. Nobody attended out of doors except upon matters of urgent necessity, and many who were exposed to the storm were frozen. Thousands of sheep and horses died.

A DELICIOUS appetizer, that ensures digestion and enjoyment of food; a tonic that brings strength to the weak and rest to the nervous; a harmless diuretic—cure that don't constipate—just what every family needs—Parker's Ginger Tonic.

IT appears that in the twelve years that have elapsed since the opening of the Suez Canal, the interchange of animal life between the Mediterranean Sea and the Indian Ocean has not reached the dimensions at first anticipated. What migration there is is chiefly from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, the real pearl oysters are travelling through the canal in large numbers, but so slowly that it will be one or two decades before they will be established in the Mediterranean.

"BUCHUPAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

A PETROLEUM well has been discovered in Lake Chapala, in Mexico, about ninety feet below the surface. The necessary machinery has been ordered from the United States, and it is expected that the daily yield will be about 300 barrels.

CONSUMPTION no longer an incurable disease. Send to DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard St., for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and learn how this disease may be surely arrested and cured. It will be *mailed free*.

A WYOMING paper says. A year ago a Laramie Plains cattle man was offered a Utah herd and ranch for $70,000, which offer was rejected. Since that the Utah man sold $45,000 worth out of the herd, then sold the ranch for $4500, afterward put $3000 more into the herd and then sold it for $140,000.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company is placing upon the engine of each of its trains a tin box containing bandages, lint, liniments, &c., which will be readily accessible to conductors and other train hands in case of accident. This, though a small feature, is looked upon as one of the necessary details in the management of a well equipped road.

SPARKLING eyes, rosy cheeks and clear complexion only accompany good health. Parker's Ginger Tonic better than anything, makes pure, rich blood and brings health, joyous spirits, strength and beauty. Ladies, try it.—*Bazaar.*

A GOOD farm in Indiana has been allowed to run to weeds for five years, because of a belief that it is under the curse of a former owner, whose ghost walks the fields at night, and would make it unpleasant for a tenant.

POULTRY.—In using the Simmons Liver Regulator with my chickens, I take a package, mix it with the dough, and feed it to them once a day. By this treatment I have never lost from chicken cholera or gapes a single chicken in the last five years. T. G. BACON, Edgefield, S. C.

IT is reported that the subject of Mormonism will be brought before the British Parliament, with a view to the prevention of Mormon proselytism in Great Britain.

SKILL IN THE WORKSHOP.—To do good work the mechanic must have good health. If long hours of confinement in close rooms have enfeebled his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at once, and before serious trouble appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight become clear, and the whole constitution be built up to a higher working condition.

THE stove which warms the capitol at Richmond is believed to be the oldest in the country. It was made in England, and sent to Richmond in 1770.

***Necessity is the mother of invention." Diseases of the liver, kidneys and bowels brought forth that sovereign remedy Kidney-Wort, which is nature's normal curative for all those dire complaints. In either liquid or dry form it is a perfect remedy for those terrible diseases that cause so many deaths.

A TUSCARAWAS (Ohio) County farmer hasn't sheared his sheep in five years, claiming that God intended that the sheep should wear their wool.

GENERAL Horace Binney Sargent, president of the board of trustees of the Soldiers' Home, has issued a request that the different daily and weekly papers of the country send a copy of their regular issue to the Home for the use of the inmates. All such papers should be addressed to the "Soldiers' Home, Chelsea, Mass."

Do you feel broken down? Try Wheat Bitters and jump for joy. They will restore you.

PIMPLES AND HUMORS ON THE FACE.—In this condition of the skin, the VEGETINE is the great remedy, as it acts directly upon the cause. It cleanses and purifies the blood, thereby causing humors of all kinds to disappear.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS. 1882.

We give below our usual list of Agricultural Fairs to be held during the coming autumn, as far as we have yet been informed. We desire to have our list of county and town shows in New England as full and correct as possible, and would request Secretaries of Agricultural Societies, or other parties interested, to inform us as early as possible, of the dates and places of the fairs of their several societies.

State, Provincial, &c.		
American Institute,	New York,	Sept. 27-Dec. 2
Arkansas,	Little Rock,	Oct. 16-21
Canada,	Toronto,	Sept. 5-16
Canada Central,	Guelph,	Oct. 3, 4
Colorado,	Denver,	Aug. 1-Sept. 30
Connecticut,	Meriden,	Sept. 19-22
Illinois,	Chicago,	Sept. 25-30
Illinois Fat Stock,	Chicago,	Nov. 16-23
Indiana,	Indianapolis,	Sept. 25-30
Kansas,	Topeka,	Sept. 11-16
Maine,	Lewiston,	Sept. 26-29
Massachusetts Hort.,	Boston,	Sept. 19-22
Michigan,	Jackson,	Sept. 18-22
Montana,	Helena,	Sept. 25-30
Nebraska,	Omaha,	Sept. 11-16
N. E. Manufacturers Institute,	Boston,	Sept. 5-Nov. 10
New England,	Worcester, Mass.,	Sept. 5-9
New Hampshire,	Concord,	Sept. 19-21
New Jersey,	Waverly,	Sept. 18-22
New York,	Utica,	Sept. 25-29
Ohio,	Columbus,	Aug. 28-Sept. 1
Ontario,	Kingston,	Sept. 18-23
Ontario Central,	Hamilton,	Sept. 26-29
Pennsylvania,	Pittsburgh,	Sept. 7-21
Rhode Island,	Cranston,	Sept. 12-15
St. Louis,	St. Louis, Mo.,	Oct. 2-7
Tri State, Ohio,	Toledo,	Sept. 11-16
Vermont,	Burlington,	Sept. 12-15
Western Michigan,	Grand Rapids,	Sept. 25-30
Wisconsin,	Fond du Lac,	Sept. 11-16

County and Local.		
MAINE.		
Buxton and Hollis,	Buxton Centre,	Sept. 26-28
Chesterville,	Chesterville,	Sept. 20, 21
Cumberland Co.,	Portland,	Sept. 26-29
Cumberland Farm. Club,	W. Cumberland,	Sept. 20-22
Franklin,	Farmington,	Oct. 10-12
Franklin, North,	Phillips,	Sept. 20, 21
Knox,	Rockport,	Oct. 3-5
Knox, North,	Washington,	Oct. 10-12
Lincoln,	Damariscotta,	Oct. 3-5
Oxford,	So. Paris,	Oct. 3-5
Oxford, West,	Fryeburg,	Oct. 10-12
Penobscot, West,	Exeter,	Sept. 26, 27
Piscataquis Central,	Foxcroft,	Oct. 3-5
Sagadahoc,	Topsham,	Oct. 10-12
Scarboro' and Cape Elizabeth,	Pleasant Hill,	Sept. 19, 20
Somerset, West,	North Anson,	Oct. 3, 4
Waldo,	Belfast,	Oct. 3-5
Waldo and Penobscot,	Monroe,	Oct. 4, 5
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		
Belknap,	Laconia,	Sept. 19-21
Cheshire,	Keene,	Sept. 27, 28
Coos,	Lancaster,	Oct. 3-5
Rochester,	Rochester,	Sept. 26, 28
VERMONT.		
Addison,	Middlebury,	Sept. 6-8
Battenkill Valley,	Factory Point,	Sept. 28, 29
Caledonia,	St. Johnsbury,	Sept. 19-21
Champlain Valley,	Burlington,	Sept. 12-15
Chittenden,	Essex Junction,	Sept. 5-8
Dog River Valley,	Northfield,	Sept. 19-21
Lamoille,	Morrisville,	Sept. 26-28
Mad River Valley,	Waitsfield,	Sept. 12, 13
Pomfret Industrial,	South Pomfret,	Sept. 26-28
Rupert,	West Rupert,	Sept. 26-28
Rutland,	Rutland,	Sept. 19-21
Union,	St. Albans,	Aug. 31-Sept. 1
MASSACHUSETTS.		
Amesbury & Salisbury Mechanics,	Amesbury,	Sept. 21, 22
Attleboro' Farmers and Mechanics,	Attleboro',	Oct. 3-5
Barnstable,	Barnstable,	Sept. 26, 27
Berkshire,	Pittsfield,	Sept. 5-7
Bristol,	Taunton,	Sept. 26-28
Deerfield Valley,	Charlemont,	Sept. 21, 22
Essex,	Haverhill,	Sept. 26, 27
Franklin,	Greenfield,	Sept. 28, 29
Grafton Farm's Club,	Grafton,	Sept. 21
Hampshire, Franklin, &c.,	Northampton,	Oct. 4-6
Hampden,	Amherst,	Sept. 21, 22
Hampden,	Holyoke,	Sept. 26-28
Hampden East,	Palmer,	Sept. 19, 20
Highland,	Middlefield,	Sept. 14, 15
Hingham,	Hingham,	Sept. 12, 13
Hoosac Valley,	North Adams,	Sept. 19, 20
Housatonic,	W. Barrington,	Sept. 27-29
Martha's Vineyard,	West Tisbury,	Oct. 3, 4
Marshfield,	Marshfield,	Sept. 13-15
Middlesex,	Concord,	Sept. 26-28
Middlesex, North,	Lowell,	Sept. 26, 27
Middlesex, South,	Framingham,	Sept. 19, 20
Nantucket,	Nantucket,	Sept. 6, 7
Natick Farmers' Club,	Natick,	Sept. 27, 28
North Brookfield Farmers Club,	North Brookfield,	Sept. 19
Plymouth,	Bridgewater,	Sept. 20-22
Shiloh,	Boxford,	Sept. 21, 22
Uxbridge and Mendon Farmers' Club,	Uxbridge,	Oct. 4
Waltham Fair Club,	Waltham,	Sept. 13, 16
Worcester,	Worcester,	Sept. 5-9
Worcester, West,	Barre,	Sept. 28, 29
Worcester, North,	Fitchburg,	Sept. 26, 27
Worcester, Northwest,	Athol,	Oct. 4
Worcester, South,	Sturbridge,	Sept. 14, 15
Worcester, Southeast,	Milford,	Sept. 26-28
RHODE ISLAND.		
Washington,	West Kingston,	Sept. 19-21
Woonsocket,	Woonsocket,	Sept. 19-21
CONNECTICUT.		
Chester,	Chester,	Sept. 28
Clinton,	Clinton,	Oct. 4
Danbury,	Danbury,	Oct. 2-7
Fairfield,	Norwalk,	Sept. 12-15
Guilford,	Guilford,	Sept. 27
Harwinton,	Harwinton,	Oct. 4
Milford and Orange,	Milford,	Sept. 27, 28
New London,	Norwich,	Sept. 26-28
New Milford,	New Milford,	Sept. 26, 27
Ridgefield,	Bristol,	Sept. 27, 28
Ridgefield,	Ridgefield,	Sept. 19-22
Simsbury,	Simsbury,	Oct. 3, 4
Southington,	Southington,	Sept. 11-13
Stafford Springs,	Stafford Springs,	Oct. 5, 6
Tolland,	Falls Village,	Sept. 12, 13
Tunxis,	Huntington,	Sept. 26-28
Watertown,	Watertown,	Sept. 26-28
Westbrook,	Westbrook,	Oct. 10
Windham,	Brooklyn,	Sept. 19-21
Woodbridge and Bethany,	Woodbridge,	Sept. 20, 21
Woodbury,	Woodbury,	Sept. 13, 14
Woodstock,	Woodstock,	Sept. 12-19

General Intelligence.

PERSONAL.

[illegible]-intendent of the [illegible] and lecturer in the [illegible]-ver, has definitely [illegible]-ssor of Agricul- [illegible] the Missouri

[illegible] to the late [illegible] to aban- [illegible] health in

[illegible] aspects to be in New [illegible] has been invited to [illegible] Agricultural Socie-

[illegible]-president of the Liver- [illegible] the liberality of "Mr. Carnegie, [illegible] Brothers, whose iron- [illegible] one of the wonders of [illegible] now staying in London.

[illegible] public library to his [illegible] which he left a poor [illegible]-ered one of the rich- [illegible] When he voyages back [illegible] with him 11 of the [illegible]-thorities of the ancient [illegible] first saw the light. [illegible] in the best berths. [illegible] over America in spe- [illegible] From the time of [illegible] their return they are [illegible] and they will be [illegible] they so please, with- [illegible] once into their own [illegible] difficult to conceive of [illegible] than that."

[illegible] to be Nineteenth U. S. [illegible] to be relieved of court [illegible] had been ordered at [illegible] referred to remain [illegible] Rio Grande during [illegible] fever. General [illegible] request, compliment- [illegible] soldierly behavior. [illegible]-ered by many of [illegible] of the high school [illegible] war.

[illegible]—Scientific men in [illegible] the possibility of [illegible] head of the earth. At a [illegible]-mological Society, [illegible] a paper, in which he said [illegible] was an unlimited supply [illegible] interior of the earth had been [illegible] although portions of it [illegible] Japan, Iceland, and [illegible] form of hot springs, sol- [illegible] He stated that there [illegible] supply of water in hot springs [illegible] miles around Tokio, [illegible] of these springs could be [illegible] at electric current, and trans- [illegible] town. Mr. Milne was on the [illegible] a week ago, on his way home [illegible] leave of absence. He was much [illegible] the heat of the lower levels, [illegible] there to study. He is also a [illegible] interested in earthquakes, and in [illegible] conducting a series of experi- [illegible] vibrations of the earth at the [illegible] earthquake shocks, and also the vibra- [illegible] artificial shocks produced by the ex- [illegible] charges of dynamite. The [illegible] instruments used gave the same results [illegible] both cases.

[illegible] system with quinine in the effort [illegible] Fever and Ague. Ayer's Ague [illegible] more potent preventive and remedy, [illegible] of bearing in the body no [illegible] dizziness, deafness, headache, [illegible]. The proprietors warrant it.

[illegible] old, and middle aged, all experience the [illegible] beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. [illegible] persons suffering from sore eyes, sore ears, [illegible] tumors, or any scrofulous or syphilitic [illegible], may be made healthy and strong by its use.

We are persuaded that the ancient Hermes with [illegible] the subtle art and natural resources of Alchemy, [illegible] was a very poor doctor compared with Mrs. [illegible] of Lynn, Mass. Hermes may [illegible] better at only a clever practitioner of the [illegible] Art; but we know there is no humbug in [illegible] pharmaceutical chemistry of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

HEALY'S Vegetable Tonic Pills restore all functional derangements of the uterus to a normal condition. See advertisement on fourth page.

The [illegible] effects of CEPHALINE are never followed by unpleasant reaction. It is invaluable for [illegible]-vousness.

We would call special attention to the advertisement in this issue, of Geo. A. Stone, the well-known nurseryman of Rochester, N. Y., who is in want of a few more salesmen to sell his now famous Pocklington Grapes, and other new specialties in Nursery Stock.

THE PEACH CROP.

A Probable Yield of 4,500,000 Baskets.

One month ago, says the Philadelphia *Press*, the farmers living in the land of peaches—the Delaware and Chesapeake peninsula—were unanimous in the prediction that this season's peach crop, metaphorically speaking, would not be worth a farthing, that it would even be smaller than last year's, which only amounted to the insignicant total of 30,000 baskets. Today these self-same farmers are telling every one what a phenomenal yield the summer has brought, invariably winding up with, "I told you so." Now every grower is anxious to outdo his neighbor in telling of the immense crop. Some say it is the largest ever grown, others place the estimate on a level with the crop of 1875, which was the largest ever picked, while some put the figures at fewer than 4,500,000 baskets. As a matter of fact, however, this latter estimate is nearer correct than any yet made. In other words, the yield will be the largest known, excepting, of course, the phenomenal crop of 1875, and will be more than half as large as the combined crops of the five years from 1870 to 1874 inclusive. Though smaller than that of 1875, the quality of this year's crop throughout is far superior to that of seven years ago, and for that reason will find a ready market at stiff prices.

While this season's crop will verge upon 5,000,000 baskets, this estimate does not represent the shipments. All peaches are not exported. Many are canned and dried almost in sight of the trees they were plucked from. In these latter branches of industry the peninsula has made rapid strides within the past few years.

Notwithstanding the remarkable yield of the present season, the growers look for high prices. They advance several arguments While admitting that the fruit will be nearly as plentiful as in 1875, they demand better prices than they received that year, first on the ground that the fruit is of a very superior quality; secondly, for the reason that consumers are better able to pay higher prices than ever before; and thirdly, because the backward season exhausted the stock of canned fruit. In support of this last argument they point to the present heavy demand for the small English Hales, which, if the other and better varieties were ripe, or if canned fruit was plentiful, would find no purchaser beyond the dryer, on the peninsula. The canner would not take them under any circumstances, for he handles none but the choicest in the orchard. The season's prices, however, will depend in a great measure upon the means of transportation. If the fruit is carefully and promptly transported by the railroad companies and delivered in good condition it will bring good prices. On this score, however, there seems no reason to have any doubts, for Superintendent Isaac M. Mills, of the Delaware division of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad, has made preparations for the prompt shipment of as many baskets as were shipped in 1875. For a week past the shipments have aggregated 70,000 baskets per day, but by next week these figures will be increased to probably 150,000 baskets daily.

HAVE YOU HEARD OF ALLEN MACCOLLIN?—Read what he says: "I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Itching Piles. I tried the prescriptions of our leading physicians as well as numerous Professors of the University with but little benefit. As a last resort they recommended an operation, which I declined, as I had a great horror of the knife. Suffice it to say Swayne's Ointment has proved a pleasant and effective cure, and I cheerfully say to others afflicted with this distressing complaint to try this great Remedy at once. Instead of restless nights, refreshing sleep is now the rule, and all desire for scratching has ceased to exist. ALLEN MACCOLLIN.
Phila. Pa., May 8th.

The World Abroad.

SUMMARY OF LATEST FOREIGN DISPATCHES.

Great Britain.

English news except as concerns the war in Egypt, is meagre and of no great importance. The House of Lords has receded from its amendments to the Irish arrears of rent bill, Lord Salisbury stating in the course of the debate, that the conservative peers had decided that in view of the state of affairs in Ireland and the difficulties in Egypt, it was not advisable to embarrass the government by rejecting the bill, and although he thought the bill a blunder, and not likely to solve the difficulty, he could not challenge a division. Several members of the House of Lords however recorded their protest against the passage of the bill. Parliament was to adjourn on Friday of the present week, and to meet again in the latter part of October.

The disturbance in the Irish constabulary force has been for the present quieted by the appointment of a commission to inquire into their grievances, and the distribution among the men of £100,000, extra pay.

The Ladies' Land League of Ireland has been dissolved, at its final meeting a resolution was proposed recommending the establishment of branches throughout the country for the purpose of teaching the rising generation the country's history, and encouraging the circulation of national literature.

The biennial convention of the Irish Land League was held at Manchester on Saturday, at which a report was presented stating that the highlands of Scotland were ripe for land agitation. It was resolved to alter the title of the League to read "Land and Labor League of Great Britain." Upon a resolution for enumerating a peasant proprietorship as among the objects of the league, an amendment was proposed embodying the principle of the Davitt land scheme, which five thousand yards of Kamlish, a formidable redan and embankment thirty feet in height, and is also erecting strong earthworks commanding the railroad beyond Mahala Junction, evidently intending to block the road to Cairo as effectually as possible. The Egyptian forces have also occupied strong positions immediately threatening the Suez Canal. There is much excitement at Port Said. An outbreak is thought possible at any moment. The ships are ready for action. One hundred rounds of ammunition are served nightly.

Transports from England are continually arriving with troops. Sir Garnet Wolseley is still ill and unable to assume command. No Turkish troops have as yet landed in Egypt.

The arrangements with regard to the proclamation to be issued by the Porte, proclaiming Arabi a rebel, seems to have met with a hitch of some kind. The draft of a proclamation was submitted to the conference last week, as follows: Arabi Pacha having a second time transgressed the law by taking authority which does not belong to him, and having presumed to menace the vessels belonging to an old and tried friend and ally of Turkey, in for these causes he proclaimed a rebel, together with his adherents. Be it known to all that obedience is due solely to the Khedive, who is the representative of the Sultan. An addition to the proclamation was afterward made by the Sultan, declaring Arabi Pacha a rebel unless he shall submit, on the ground that, in resisting, Arabi acts contrary to the precepts of the Koran. Importance is attached to this express mention of the Koran against Arabi. Still the proclamation has not been signed, and it will not be until a direct refusal to comply with its terms and to submit to the Porte has been received from Arabi. Arabi expresses himself as ready to yield to the Sultan, but not to England. All this time the Porte and Arabi are gaining by the delay.

The Mussulman jurists, whom the Sultan frequently consults, explain that Arabi Pacha, in so far as he disobeyed the caliph, is a rebel, and may be unceremoniously treated as such, but in so far as he has been a defender against the aggressive designs of Christians, he has merely fulfilled the the duties of a good Mussulman, and consequently the caliph cannot make common cause with England. The Sultan may punish Arabi Pacha if some act of rebellion is proved against him, but he must not associate himself with those who wish to crush Arabi Pacha as the defender of Islam. A correspondent says this will greatly influence the Turkish military action.

The situation, it will be seen, is very complicated. Apparently England will be obliged to go ahead without the co-operation of the Sultan after all, and after conquering Arabi and occupying Egypt with a strong force, she can then invoke the concert of the other powers of Europe. This is the course which the *London Times* intimates, and which the Berlin *Grenzbaten*, an officially inspired organ, hints will be acquiesced in by the Imperial Government of Germany.

Business Notices.

Agents can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 sent free. For full particulars address E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay St., N. Y. 1y48

Scrofula.

A medicine that destroys the germs of Scrofula and has the power to root it out is appreciated by the afflicted. The remarkable cures of inch. women and children as described by testimonials, prove

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

a reliable medicine, containing remedial agents which eradicate Scrofula from the blood. One hundred doses for $1.00. Sold by all dealers. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIED.

In Lexington, Aug. 9, by Rev. Russell H. Conwell, Walter Dwight Kimball of Hardwick, Vt., to Miss Effie L. Woodbury of Lexington.

In Newburyport, Aug. 9, by Rev. Edward L. Drown, Mr. William H. Hogue to Miss Fannie M. Munroe, both of Newburyport.

In Dracut, Aug. 8, by Rev. Elias Nason, Mr. George W. Richards of Houlton, Me., to Miss Jennie F. Pattee of Goffstown, N. H.

In Sturbridge, Mass., Aug. 10, by Rev. F. C. Sloper, Edson S. Lauve to Miss Jennie M. Nichols, both of Indian Orchard, Springfield.

In Revere, Aug. 12, by Rev. J. L. Marsh, Alexander M. Farris to Harriet S. Bryson.

In Taunton, Aug. 10, James M. Parlow to Mrs. Hannah M. Clark.

DIED.

In this city, Aug. 11, Col. Abijah Ellis, 82 yrs.

In East Boston, Aug. 13, Phineas Miller Crane, M. D., 77 yrs. 9 mos.

In South Boston, July 11, John T. Lawton, 84 yrs. 5 mos.

In Charlestown, Aug. 10, Cornelius Murphy, 80 yrs.

In Cambridge, Aug. 10, Mary F. Howard, 100 yrs. 8 mos.

In Cambridgeport, Aug. 11, Dr. J. M. Thresher, 59 yrs. 9 mos.

In Everett, Aug. 13, Mrs. S. E., wife of William Whittemore, 60 yrs. 6 mos.

In Burlington, Aug. 10, Nathan Blanchard, 81 yrs.

In Cohasset, Aug. 11, Elizabeth, widow of the late Job Cushing, 87 yrs. 9 mos.

In Brookline, Aug. 10, Josiah G. Bachelder, 68 yrs.

In Arlington, Aug. 4, Elizabeth Hogan, 68 yrs. 11 mos.

In Watertown, Aug. 9, Francis J. Brown, 62 yrs.

In North Chelmsford, Mass., Aug. 3, Daniel F. Austin, 75 yrs.

In Tewksbury, Aug. 10, Henry E. Preston, 73 yrs.

In Winchester, Aug. 11, Mrs. L. Sonrel, widow of Antoine Sonrel, 63 yrs.

In Groton, Aug. 9, Rhoda A., widow of the late Osgood Putnam, 73 yrs. 11 mos.

In New Bedford, Aug. 9, Isaac S. Crowell, 51 yrs.

In Providence, R. I., Aug. 8, Harriet, widow of the late Jardin Howard, formerly of Easton, Mass., 81 yrs.

In Newport, Aug. 12, Sarah Gibbs King, widow of David King, M. D., and daughter of the late Samuel Wheaton, D. D.

In Auburndale, Aug. 12, Mrs. Mary A. Holmes, 81 yrs.

In Malden, Aug. 9, Josiah Bradlee, 81 yrs. 4 mos.

In Newburyport, Aug. 11, Miss Rachel Emerson, 88 yrs. 7 mos. William P. Noyes, 63 yrs. 4 mos.

In Stoughton, Aug. 11, Ebenezer Sumner, 53 yrs.

In Wrentham, Aug. 13, Dixon D. Fales, 70 yrs.

In Hull, Aug. 14, Alfred Mudge of this city, 72 yrs. 3 mos.

In Lexington, Aug. 15, Mrs. Ann W. Saville, 74 yrs. 1 mo.

☞ *Persons ordering articles advertised in our columns, will please say that they saw the advertisement in the NEW ENGLAND FARMER.*

New Advertisements.

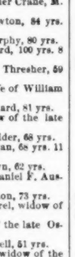
WIARD CHILLED PLOW.

The WIARD PATENT CHILLED PLOW has many points of superiority over any other Chilled Plow in use, and is increasing in popularity everywhere. It took all the First Prizes at the Plowing Match at the New England Fair, September, 1881, in contest with best Chilled Plows made.
Send for Circular to
EVERETT & SMALL,
43 South Market St., Boston, Mass.
3teop33

AGENTS Are making $10 a day selling our Goods. Send for Circular and terms. Great English Cutlery Co., Box 1632, Boston, Mass. 13t33

MAN chester Strawberry Plants, 75c doz., $4 per 100. Valuable information in free Catalogue. Address F. I. SAGE & Son, Wethersfield, Conn. 8t33

BUCKEYE FORCE PUMPS.



The most Complete, Simple, Durable, and Easily Operated Pump ever made. Has porcelain lined Cylinder. NEVER FREEZES. Adapted for deep or shallow wells, and can be used with or without wind engine. Every one warranted.

ALSO THE
New Iron Turbine
WIND ENGINE,
the strongest and most durable Wind Engine in the world. Runs in a light breeze. Will not shrink, swell, warp or rattle in the wind. Thousands in use.
☞ Send for Circular to
EVERETT & SMALL,
4teop33 43 South Market St., Boston, Mass.

REMEMBER THIS.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

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Poetry.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Grandmother's garden was brave to see,
Gorgeous with old-time plants and blooms,
All too common and cheap to be
Grown in modern parterres or rooms;
Old traditional herbs and flowers,
Some for pleasure and some for need;
Gifted, haply, with wondrous powers,
Bud or petal or bark or seed.

All old fashions of leaf and root
Grew there, cherished for show or use;
Currant bushes with clustered fruit
Red as garnets and full of juice.
Tiger lilies with beaded stalks,
Balm and basil and bitter rue,
Gay nasturtiums and four-o'clocks—
Grandmother's garden was fair to view.

Pinks—how rich in their stately prime!—
Filled the air with a rare delight;
Lavender, mingled with sage and thyme;
Lilacs, purple and milky white,
Met and mingled and bloomed as one
Over the path, they grew so tall;
And tulip-torches, in wind and sun,
Flamed and flared by the southern wall.

Periwinkles with trailing vines,
Lordly lilies with creamy tint,
Bachelor's buttons and columbines,
Proud sweet williams and odorous mint—
Heavy peonies, burning red,
Wonders of lush, redundant bloom,
Longed for a wider space to spread,
And flushed the redder for lack of room.

Brilliant asters their prim heads tossed—
Dark blue monkshood and bellyhacks,
Smiling fearless at autumn's frost,
Waved and nodded along the walks.
Love-lies-bleeding forever drooped—
Disks of sunflowers, bright and broad,
Watched like sentries; and fennel stooped
Over immortal Aaron's rod.

Cumfrey, dropping its waxen flowers;
Purple gooseberry, overripe,
Lady grass, that I searched for hours,
Vainly trying to match a stripe;
Pansies, bordering all the beds—
Ladies' delights for the children's sake—
Poppies nodding their sleepy heads,
And yellow marigolds wide awake.

Morning glories, whose trumpets rung
Resonant with the rifling bees;
Daffodils, born when spring was young;
Vain narcissus, and gay sweet-peas,
Clinging close, but with bright wings spread
Wide, like butterflies just alight;
Gauze-flowers fragile, to sunrise wed,
And bashful primrose that bloomed at night.

Rich syringas, all honey-sweet,
Trim carnations of tenderest pink;
Blue-bells, spite of the noonday heat,
Holding dew for the birds to drink.
Marjoram, hyssop, and caraway,
Damask roses and mignonette;
Ah! sometimes at this distant day
I can fancy I smell them yet.

I have a garden of prouder cla ms,
Full of novelties bright and rare,
Modern flowers with entirely new names
Flaunt their wonderful beauty there.
Yet, in threading its brilliant maze,
Oft my heart, with a home sick thrill,
Whispers—dreaming of early days—
"Grandmother's garden was fairer still!"

The Story Teller.

UNCLE JOHN'S FORTUNE.

"Oh, Kate, mamma has just received a letter from Uncle John! He's really coming back from Australia to settle at last. All the heaps of money made he has invested—yes, that's the word—invested in some—something, I don't know what, but it will nearly double his fortune!"

"Nearly double it! Oh, Nellie," cried Kate, dropping her aunt's dress she was mending, "only think. We are his only relations!"

"What a selfish little thing you are, Kate!" remarked Ellen Grashaw, throwing herself on a couch by her cousin in her mother's boudoir, which she had rather impetuously entered with her good news.

"How can one help being selfish when one is poor?" laughed Kate Wakefield. "It is all very well for you, whose father is alive and well-to-do; but Jack and I have only ourselves to look to. I have to turn and turn my dresses until I'm quite ashamed. I stick a new bow here, and a new bow there, but I'm not foolish enough to fancy people think it is a new dress. Ah me, Nellie! I do—do so wish I was rich!" and she clasped her hands on her knee, and fixed her large gray eyes on vacancy, as if she were filling the latter with her visions of wealth; probably she was.

"What a mercenary girl you are, coz!" said Ellen. "You don't think at all about dear Uncle John himself—only his money!"

"Each of us thinks of what most concerns us, or what we most want!" retorted Kate. "He may help poor Jack, who only gets ninety pounds a year. I repeat you are rich, or your father is."

"He is not, Kate. You know it's as much as mamma can do to keep us up to our position in society. But it will be different now, for dear Uncle John says, as he has no relations save ourselves, he hopes we can manage to let him live with us. He can see about our renting a larger house on his arrival. Mamma is delighted, and she says he will be sure to keep his carriage; while if we try to be amiable, he may keep horses for us to ride. Only imagine! Will it not be grand? How the people will wonder and envy."

"What a lot of suitors you'll have, Nellie! Who knows but that Sir Hugh Stafford, when he comes—as they say he will, next month—to reside for the winter at Beechholm, may be one of them?"

A bright flush rose to the cousin's cheek, though she exclaimed, "What nonsense, Kate!" for the fact was, Ellen Grashaw was very pretty, and such a union had not only entered her head, but also her mother's—one of those worldly-minded women who render their lives wretched by a constant fight to keep their heads higher than their neighbors' and to make five hundred a year pass for a thousand. Mrs. Grashaw, indeed, was already secretly busy in devising means for new dresses to make Ellen look her best, and to give one or two parties ostensibly on the Baronet's honor—really to "throw the young people together."

"Papa," proceeded Nelly, "used to call Uncle John the 'fool of the family'—a mad speculator. I only wish in that case, papa had changed places with him."

"When will he be here, Nell? Does he say?"

"He starts the second mail after his letter, therefore he will be here in a fortnight. There's mamma calling!" she added, springing up.

"I hope it's not to dress yet, for I have not done these bows yet," remarked Kate, renewing her stitching.

Mr. Grashaw was a tolerably well-to-do merchant, who would have a safer balance at his banker's had not his inclinations in regard to appearances tended in the same direction as his wife's. What an "old man of the sea" to some persons are those words, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" They excused themselves by saying it was for their children's benefit. Horace had to make a position in the world, and Nell to be settled.

The two other members of the family were Kate and her brother Jack (employed in a bank). When they had been left orphans, Mrs. Grashaw had consented to receive them into the family, as their keep would be a mere nothing, considering one must have good dinners because of the servants' tattling; while what Kate would pay out of her small income of sixty pounds a year (besides making herself useful,) and Jack out of his salary, would go into her own private purse, and afford many toilet luxuries. Besides she knew, as Nell did too, that society, which was ignorant of any payment being made, spoke highly of their kindness to poor relations.

Their sole other relation was Uncle John—a restless, sanguine spirit, who had been always going to make a fortune, and who had at last, in Australia, done so. He had gone there when Nell and Kate were children, so all they knew of him was that he was very kind, and was ever sending pleasant letters and handsome presents to his little nieces and nephews. When Nell danced in her joy from the room, Kate, at work on her aunt's dress, thought of these presents, and it is to be feared mentally commented on Uncle Jonn's coming home in a very mercenary fashion.

"Supposing, as Jack and I are orphans, he were to adopt us!" she ponders. "At any rate, if he be so rich, he will hardly let his sister's children remain so poor. If he does not do something for Jack, I—I shall hate him!"

Then, her eye resting on a darn in her dress, her mind revelled in the better toilets she might possibly have when Uncle John came home.

Uncle John! Before two days were over every body in Monkbourne knew about him, of his immense wealth, and how he was to live with the Grashaws, who were his only relations. Mr. Grashaw dropped into the estate agent's to inquire casually what mansions or small estates were to be let in the neighborhood. Horace talked of Uncle John at his club until the members were sick of Uncle John. Mrs. Grashaw and the girls made visits and received them on purpose to let Monkbourne society know all about him.

"Very stuck up, proud people those Grashaws!" remarked Mrs. Stebbin.

"Always were. Now they will be intolerable!" rejoined the doctor's wife. "As to that Kate Wakefield, she takes no pains to hide her mercinariness!"

"Well, there's an excuse for her, my dear. It can't be pleasant, I'm sure" with a head toss—"to be dependent upon Mrs. Grashaw's charity!"

"The train will be the 1.30, no doubt, that he'll arrive by," remarked Mr. Grashaw on the day of Uncle John's coming, as he contemplated the recherche luncheon prepared. "I hope, my love, there is nothing to make a hitch in his welcome?"

It was a moment of great excitement. Nellie flitted everywhere; Horace lounged about, assuming indifference; Kate sat at the drawing room window, regretting her bright, bonnie Jack, who was so worked that he could not get a holiday. Suddenly, as a cab stopped at the door, she sprang up and ran to the rest.

"He has come! Uncle John has come!" she exclaimed.

"Gracious! Why, he must have got up at dawn!" ejaculated Mrs. Grashaw. "Where are Nell and Horace?"

A fluttering bevy they proceeded into the hall to receive the lucky speculator. The page had already thrown wide the door, and coming up the step they saw a tall, thin, gray-haired man, with stooped shoulders and a sad, careworn visage.

"Welcome to England! Welcome home, John!" cried the merchant, wringing his hand. "Dear me, how delighted I am! I congratulate you, brother!"

The welcome and congratulations were echoed all around. They clustered about him like bees around honey. Horace took his hat, Kate his walking stick.

"Ah, George!" exclaimed uncle John, in a feeble voice, as he slightly waved his hands, "let me sit down somewhere, please. I have much to tell you!"

"Horace, fetch the wine; your uncle is fatigued after his journey. No; we will go into the dining room at once," remarked Mrs. Grashaw.

"Much to tell me?" laughed her husband. "I should think so, John, after your long absence."

They had all got into the dining room now. The softest chair was pushed forward by Horace; Kate gave a shake to the cushions; Ellen brought a foot-stool. Uncle John dropped down wearily.

"Oh, George!" he exclaimed, almost piteously, "how can I tell you—how a hundred times I have wished that I had never written you that letter—much has happened since. I am"—the gray head dropped on the withered hands—"ruined."

Had the listeners suddenly been confronted by the face of Medusa, they could not have been more aghast—more silent. They were horrified—paralyzed. The first thought of Mr. Grashaw, indeed of all, was that they had been grossly taken in.

"What do you mean, John?" demanded the merchant.

"That the speculation in which I foolishly invested my all, George, was but a bubble. It burst a week before I started for home. It has ruined hundreds."

"Home! I wonder if he thinks this is his home?" reflected the merchant. "Circumstances alter cases."

"Whatever will Monkbourne say?" thought the wife. "We shall be a perfect laughing stock. To have a pauper instead of a millionaire on our hands."

Horace and Nell looked at each other helplessly.

Kate felt inclined to cry. Then she filled a glass with wine and handed it to Uncle John.

"How very officious that girl is!" thought her aunt.

"I always said you were the idiot of the family, John," remarked the merchant, huffishly. "There, we may, I suppose, have luncheon! then you can tell us about it."

"Well?" inquired Jack Wakefield, eagerly, on Kate waylaying him as he was creeping up stairs to change his coat, after returning from the office, "has he come?"

"Yes, Jack; and, oh! it's so terrible! He isn't rich at all—he is a beggar. The speculation was—was a bubble, he says, and he has been ruined."

"Poor old Uncle John!" exclaimed Jack, sympathetically.

"You dear—dear, darling boy!" cried Kate, throwing her arms about his neck; "that's the first kind word any one has said of him here. Oh! Jack—Jack I fear aunt and Uncle Grashaw will make a great difference to him."

"Why? He wouldn't have lost his money if he could have helped it. Where is he?"

And Jack, no longer thinking of his office coat, walked into the drawing room, and warmly greeting the old man, remarked, heartily:

"Welcome home, Uncle John! Kate has told me all. I'm so sorry, 'pon my word I am; but never mind: nil desperandum, you know—better luck next time."

"Heaven bless you, my dear boy—thank you," rejoined Uncle John, gratefully; for already he was awakening to his position. And such a pleasant, radiant expression came over his features, that, like a flash, an idea sprang up in Mrs. Grashaw's head that Uncle John was pretending poverty to test their affection.

But her husband soon negatived that. There was no pretence; but hard, bona fide, implacable ruin.

Monkbourne did laugh and did sneer. That might have been some excuse for the Grashaws; but before a fortnight was over Uncle John found himself so much in the way that, hurt, pained, he announced his intention of leaving, and no one asked him to remain.

That evening, however, Jack came into his room on the third floor with Kate, and the two made a proposition. To let Uncle John in his great trouble go and live alone, was more than terrible to these silly young people; it was impossible. Would Uncle John like them to put all their tiny incomes together, and take a little cottage just outside the fir town and live in it? Kate would be the most economical of housekeepers.

Uncle John sat agiast.

"And you would do this for me, my children?" he exclaimed. "You would give up your fine life and the fine guests here at George's to—to——"

"Be quite as happy elsewhere," laughed Kate, kissing him. "You must't refuse, uncle; I will not hear of it! You can't tell how merry we three people will be together!"

"I don't doubt that in my case, my love," answered Uncle John, looking into her bright face and grasping Jack's hand.

"Then it's agreed, uncle?" remarked Jack.

"Heaven bless you, children, how can I say no?"

So it was settled. The Grashaws were at first indignant, but later rejoiced in the ground it gave them to break with their poor relations, especially with those ungrateful Wakefields.

But they were wrong. Gratitude had been the cause. All the real gifts and benefits Jack and Kate had received from any, one had been from Uncle John, who had never asked or wanted a return.

In a fortnight the cottage Jack had had his eye on, received its tenants. It was very small, but very pretty. From morning to night, Kate flitted about it, seeing to this, then that, inventing nice little surprises—into which Uncle John heartily entered—for dear old Jack's dinner-tea, or "high tea," as she laughingly termed it. She no longer thought of turning her dresses so often, nor "sticking a new bow here and a new bow there;" but in her dark stuff dresses she looked happier, handsomer, than she ever had at the Grashaw's.

"It's quite like setting up housekeeping for one's self!" she laughed, merrily.

The cottage was situate at the other side of the town to that wherein was the Grashaw's house, so Kate rarely met them; but she heard of them and their doings from one or two of those mutual friends who, admiring the part the brother and sister had played, kept up their acquaintance. From one of these she learned how Sir Hugh Stafford had arrived at Beechholm from his world wanderings, and had been feted accordingly by all the elite of Monkbourne, the Grashaw's among the number.

"There will be rare pulling caps for the Baronet among the mothers with marriageable daughters!" laughed the old lady, Kate's informant; "and entre nous, my dear, your aunt, Mrs. Grashaw, will not be behind-hand!"

Kate, seated in the little parlor at work, found subjects for long trains of thought out of this. She wandered if Nellie would win the Baronet? She was pretty enough. Then would not aunt hold her head high?

Her cogitations were arrested by the sound of voices. Looking from the window, she saw that Uncle John had halted at the gate, apparently to take leave of a friend—a gentleman of about thirty, with a pleasant intelligent face, but—such was Kate's mental remark—more manly than handsome.

"Uncle back and no tea!" she exclaimed, springing up. "Time flies when one is thinking! Why, uncle is bringing his friend in! If it's to tea, he must just take what I have got!"

Then the door opened, and Uncle John entered with the stranger, who Kate saw had exceedingly fine brown eyes.

"My darling," said Uncle John, "I have met an old friend. Pardon me if I put you out at all, but I could not refrain from bringing him home to introduce him to my young benefactors."

"Benefactors, Uncle John! Oh, pray, sir, do not believe that," smiled Kate, blushing. "Ours is rather a mutual aid society."

"I think I should like to join it," smiled the stranger, and those brown eyes dwelt very admiringly on the young girl's face. "May I?"

"I fear it is impossible," she rejoined. "It's limited in number as in capital." Then she looked at Uncle John.

"I beg your pardon, Kate, but I forgot the introduction. My dear, this is Sir Hugh Stafford."

"Whose place would now long have been filled by another," said the Baronet, bowing, "but for your uncle, Miss Wakefield, who, while I was in Australia, years ago, saved my life, at the risk of his own, from a rascally bushranger."

"I never knew then," laughed Uncle John, "that the young red Garibaldi-attired digger was to blossom into an English Baronet."

"Neither did I for certain; but next mail my cousin's death reached me?"

"You'll stay, Sir Hugh, to tea?"

Kate had been overwhelmed upon hearing who was Uncle John's friend. Now she felt ready to sink on the floor at the invitation given, especially when the Baronet accepted it.

"That is," he added, turning to her, "if Miss Wakefield will not find me *de trop*, but will accept me as an honorary member of your society?"

What was that in his voice, his manner, that put Kate at once at her ease, and made her quite sincere in saying she should be delighted? Whatever it was, she never felt less nervous in preparing the evening meal, and never did it go off better. The conversation never flagged, and the Baronet seemed as if he had known them for years. Then Jack came in, and the hours slipped away, until nearly ten o'clock, when Sir Hugh took his leave, asking Jack to walk part of the way with him to smoke a cigar.

When Jack returned he was radiant. Sir Hugh had found out how he had been studying and how he had passed some examinations with eclat, and had promised to procure him a place under government.

"Oh, dear," thought Kate, smiling, as she retired to rest. "What would Aunt Grashaw say?"

What would she, and what did she, and what did all Monkbourne say, when it was known how constant a guest Sir Hugh was at the cottage? Of course it was as a patron! The Baronet was generous and pitied John—wanted to make him a return for that Australia affair. But Kate, though she called herself silly, foolish, vain, could not help fancying that there was another reason for Sir Hugh's coming; and she was right. One evening, when the Baronet had had them to dine at Beechholm, and she had stepped on to the terrace, waiting for the gentleman to come from the dining room, he joined her alone. He was a man that a dinner dress became. Kate thought it particularly so this evening.

"Admiring the view, Miss Wakefield?" he asked.

"Yes; it is worthy admiration!" she smiled. "It is beautiful! How proud you must be to say, 'I'm monarch of all I survey!'"

Abruptly he had drawn nearer, her hand was imprisoned in his; his brown eyes were looking, it seemed, into her very soul, as he said:

"Miss Wakefield—Kate—I have come to you here to ask if you will share that pride? If you whom I so honor—you the only woman I ever loved or can love—will be my wife?

Then she learned how his fancy had been won for the brother and sister on learning Uncle John's story of his return home; how he had been curious to see them, and how he had loved Kate from the very evening that he did.

"You will not refuse me, dear?" he whispered, in conclusion.

She lifted her eyes to his, and as he drew her to his heart, Kate, tre mbling and happy, did not resist.

It was a great surprise and disappointment to most at Monkbourne, particularly to Mrs. Grashaw, who, however, was condescending enough to forgive Kate and let Nellie act as chief bridesmaid.

Years have passed; children's happy voices make musical the air of Beechholm, and rise up to Uncle John's ears, after summoning him to the window. He is still "poor ruined Uncle John;" but he doesn't feel so, for he declared that Sir Hugh and Lady Stafford's behavior toward him makes him experience a sensation as if he was rather conferring a favor than receiving one.

From the Congregationalist.

A SMALL BEGINNING.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A little ground-floor room, a little fire in a small stove, burning dully as fires are apt to do at times when their blaze might be worth something in the way of cheer; out doors the raw gray of a spring thaw; on the window-seat two girls crouched together, and looking out with faces as dreary as the weather. Such was the picture presented at No. 13 Farewell street, three years ago last March.

Farewell street was so named because of its being the customary route of exit from the old cemetery; the point where mourners were supposed to turn for a last look at the gates which had just shut in the newly-buried friend: and this association, as well as the glimpse of the tall cemetery fence, topped with mournful evergreens which bounded the view, did not tend to make the sad outlook any the less sad on that dismal day. For it was only a fortnight since Delia and Hetty Willett, the girls on the window-seat, had left within those gates the kind old grandmother, who for years had stood to them in the stead of father and mother both.

"The Willetts," as the neighbors called them, using the collective phrase always, were twins, and just eighteen years old. Bearing to each other even a stronger personal likeness than twins customarily possess, they were in other points curiously unlike. Delia was soft and clinging, Hetty vigorous and self-reliant. Delia loved to be guided, Hetty to guide; the former had few independent views and opinions, the latter was brimful of ideas and fancies, plans and purposes, some cose, some foolish, but all her own. Yet, oddly enough, it was Delia, very often, who gave the casting vote in their decisions, for Hetty's love for her slender twin was a sentiment so deep and intense that she often yielded against her own better sense and judgment, simply for the pleasure of yielding to what Delia wished. Delia in return adored her sister, waited on her, petted, consoled, "exactly as if she were Hetty's wife," Aunt Polly said, "and the worst was they suited each other so well that no one else would ever suit either of them, and they were bound to die old maids in consequence!"

But eighteen can laugh at such auguries, and there was no thought or question of marriage in the minds of the sisters, as they crouched that afternoon close together on the old window-seat.

A very different question absorbed them, and a perplexing one; how they were to live, and to keep together while doing so, which meant pretty much the same thing to them both. Grandmother's death had left them with so very, very little—her annuity died with her. There was the old house, the plain, worn furniture to which they had been accustomed all their lives, and about a hundred dollars a year! What could they do with that?

"If one of us only happened to be clever," sighed Delia. "If I could paint pictures, or you had a talent for writing, how easy it would be."

"I don't know as to that," responded Hetty. "Seems to me I've heard of people who did those things, and yet didn't find it so mighty easy to get along. Somebody's got to buy the pictures after they're painted, and read the books, and pay for them." She spoke in an absent tone, and her brow was knitted into the little frown which Delia knew betokened that her twin was puzzling hard over something.

"Don't scowl, it'll spoil your forehead," she said, smoothing out the objectionable frown with her fingers.

"Was I scowling? Well, never mind, I'm trying to think, Dely. You can't paint, and I can't write. The question is what can we do?"

"That is the question," said a voice at the door. It was Aunt Polly's voice. She managed on most days to drop in and "give a look to them, the lonely little creeturs," as she would have expressed it.

"You're consultin', I see," she said, taking in the situation at a glance; the dismal room, the depressed and tearful cheeks of the two girls, the lack of comfort and cheer. She twitched open the stove door as she passed, threw in a stick of wood, twirled the damper, and gave a brisk, ranting shake to the ashes—all with a turn of the hand as it were—attentions to which the stove presently responded with a brisk roar. "Well, it's time you did. I was planning to have a talk with you before long, for you ought to settle to something. Pull the blind down, Dely, and Hetty, you light the lamp, and come to the fire both of you, and let's see what we can make of it. It's a tangled skein enough, I don't deny it; but most skeins are that, and there's always a right end somewhere, if the Lord'll give us sense enough to get hold of it and keep on pulling out and winding up."

Presently the girls were seated close to Aunt Polly's rocking chair. The room looked more cheerful now, with the lamp-light and the yellow glow from the stove, and both were conscious of a sense of hopefulness.

"Now—what can you do?" demanded Aunt Polly, whirling round in her chair so as to face them.

"We hadn't got so far as that when you came in," replied Hetty; "I suppose we must do what other people do in the same circumstances."

"What's that?"

"Teach something, or sew, I suppose."

"Sewing's slow starvation in my opinion, unless you've got a machine, which you haven't, and not much better then. What do you know that you can teach?"

"Not much," replied Hetty, humbly, while Delia added, hesitatingly: "We could teach children their letters, perhaps."

"I presume you could," responded Aunt Polly, dryly. "But, though you mayn't know it, perhaps, there are about fifty women in this town can do the same, and who mean to do it. And most of 'em have got the start of you in one way or another, so what's your chance worth? No, girls, sewing and teaching are played out. They are good things in their way, but every woman who's got her living to earn thinks of them the very first thing and of nothing else, and the market is always overstocked. My advice to you is, to think up something you can do better than other people—that's what gives folks a real chance! Now what is there?"

"There isn't anything I can do better than other people," cried the dismayed Delia. "Nor Hetty either—except make gingerbread," she added, with a faint little laugh. "Hetty beats everybody at that, grandmother always said."

"Very well; make gingerbread then. That's your thing to do," said Aunt Polly.

Hetty looked at her with incredulous eyes.

"You're not in earnest are you?" she said. "I am. In dead earnest."

"But, Aunt Polly, gingerbread! Such a little thing as that! Who ever heard of a girl's doing such a thing."

"All the better if they never did. A new trade has a double chance. As for the 'little,' great things often come from small beginnings. Fortunes have been made out of gingerbread before now I'll be bound, or if not that, out of something no bigger. No, Hetty, depend upon it, if your gingerbread is best, folks will want it. And if your teaching or sewing is only second best, they won't. It's the law of human nature, and a very good law, too, though it cuts the wrong way sometimes, like all laws."

"Aunt Polly, you're a genius," cried Hetty, warmed into sudden glow by this vigorous common sense. "I can make good gingerbread, and it's just as you say, neither of us know enough to teach well, and we are both poor hands at sewing, and we should have a much better chance if we tried to do what we can and not what we can't. Why shouldn't I make gingerbread? Dely'd help me, and if folks liked our things and bought them, we could live and keep together. We could make a kind of shop of this room, couldn't we? What do you think?"

"Tisn't a bit a bad place for such a trade," said Aunt Polly, slowly measuring the room with her eyes. "Being on a corner is an advantage, you see; and there's that double winder on the street gives a first-rate chance to show what you've got to sell. I never did see no use in that winder before. My father, he had it cut for a kind of a whim like, and we all thought it was national in him; but, as they say, keep a thing long enough and a use'll turn up. It's a sort of a gain for you, too, having the house so old-fashioned. Folks has a bankering for such things, nowadays—the Lord knows why—I hear 'em going on about it when I'm out tailorin'; calling ugly things 'quaint!' and lovely, because they're old. Hetty"—with sudden inspiration—"here's an idea for you, be 'quaint!' Don't try for a shop; keep the room a room, and make it as old-fashioned looking as you can, and I'll bet a cookie that your gingerbread'll be twice as popular with one set of folks, and if it's first-rate gingerbread, the other set who don't care for old things will like it just as well."

What a bracing thing is a word in season! Aunt Polly's little seed of suggestion grew and spread like Jack's fabled beanstalk.

"Your light biscuits always turn out well," said Delia.

"And my snaps. Grandmother always liked them so much. And you're a good hand at loaf bread, you know. Aunt Polly—I seem to smell a fortune in the air. We will begin at once, just as soon as I can get a half-barrel of flour and put an advertisement in the paper."

Hetty had a ready wit, and Aunt Polly's hint as to "quaintness" was not lost upon her. The advertisement when it appeared the next day but one ran thus: "After Monday next, the Old Time Bakery, corner of Farewell and Martin streets, will be prepared to furnish, to order, fresh bread, buns, biscuits, and grandmother's gingerbread, all home made."

People smiled over the little notice, but the odd wording stuck in their memories as odd things will, and more than one person went out of his way during the next week to take a look into the wide, low window, within which, on a broad, napkin-covered shelf, stoods rows of biscuits, light and white, buns, each glazed with shining umber-brown, and loaves of gingerbread, whose complexion and smell were enough to vouch for their excellence. Acting on Aunt Polly's suggestion, Hetty had set forth her wares on plates of the oldest and oddest pattern which could be found in grandmother's closet. A queer, tall pitcher flanked them on either side, and round the window-frame she had twined the long, luxuriant shoots of a potted ivy. Altogether the effect was pretty, and no one need be told that the pitchers had for years been consecrated to the reception of yeast and corks, or that the plates had long since been relegated to kitchen use as too shabby for better occasions.

"Hain't ye no white chany," remarked their first customer, an old woman, as she counted out the pennies for half a dozen biscuit. "It would kind of set your cakes off."

"We used what we had," replied Hetty, diplomatically. "But I hope your biscuits'll taste just as good as if they came off a white plate."

This old woman, two others, and a little boy, were the only customers the first day.

"Tisn't a bit a good beginning," declared Delia, pouring the money received out of an old-fashioned china tea-caddy, which Hetty had unearthed in an up-stairs closet, and brought down to serve as a till. "Two dozen biscuits, that's twenty-four cents, a loaf of gingerbread and about half the buns. That's fifty-three cents in all. What did you say the material cost?"

"About seventy cents. But then we have our supper and breakfast out of them, and nearly half the stock to sell at a reduced rate tomorrow. We shan't lose anything, I reckon, but we shan't gain much either."

"Rome wasn't built all in a minute. You will do yet," remarked Aunt Polly, who had dropped in to hear the result of the first day's sales.

But two days—three—a week went by and still trade did not materially improve, and it took all Aunt Polly's wise saws and hopeful auguries to keep their spirits up. Each day showed the same record, no loss, but almost no gain. Toward the end of the second week, matters mended. Mrs. Corliss, the wife of a wealthy manufacturer, having an errand in Farewell street, happened to pass the little window, and her bric-a-brac loving eyes were caught at once by its unusual appearance. She stopped, studied the whole arrangement, from the ivy wreath to the old pitchers; a recollection of the droll little advertisement over which she had laughed a few days previously, came over her. "I declare, this is the very place," she said to herself, and opening the door she entered, precisely as Hetty came from the kitchen through the opposite door, a handkerchief tied over her shiny hair, a white apron with a little ruffled waist protecting her print gown, her cheeks flushed rosy pink with heat, and in her hands a tray full of crisp, delectably smelling gingersnaps.

"A real study—like a Flemish picture," Mrs. Corliss said afterward. She fell in love at once with the quaint room, the pretty sisters, the old china, stayed twenty minutes nibbling ginger-snaps and looking about her, bought a dollar's worth of everything, "on trial," as she said, and swept out, leaving a wake of rose colored hope in the air—and Delia and Hetty executing a wild waltz behind her back, for joy and congratulation.

"Luck has turned—I know, I feel it," declared Hetty.

Luck had turned. Mrs. Corliss raved to everybody she knew about the room, the twin-sisters and the excellence of the gingerbread. It became a fashion to go to Farewell street for buns and biscuits. Hetty and Delia had to work early and late to fill their orders, but what was that "to sewing their fingers off for a bare living?" Hetty said, and toil was sweetened now by a gradually increasing profit. At the end of the first six months, they had not only "lived and kept together," but had a little sum laid by, which, as Aunt Polly advised, was treated as "business capital," part of it being invested in the purchase of an awning for the window, and an extra stove to increase their baking capacity. Very rarely were there any stale things left now to be sold next day at half-price, the regular orders and chance custom consuming all.

"We shall have to hire a boy to carry things round, I actually believe," declared Hetty. "Mrs. Malcomb and Mrs. Sayres both said that they would order our bread regularly, if we could send it home."

"I've been expecting that would be the next step," remarked Aunt Polly, "and I guess I've got just the boy you want in my eye. It's Widow McCullen's lad—Sandy, as they call him. He's a good little chap, and it'll be a real help to his mother to have him earning a trifle."

So Sandy McCullen was regularly engaged as "bread boy," and business grew brisker still.

"Aunt Polly, we've got to another notch," said Hetty, at the end of the first year. "You don't happen to know of a girl, do you, who could help us in the baking? Delia and I can't keep up with the orders. She gets so tired every now and then that she can't sleep, and that worries me so that I lie awake, too."

"That'll never answer; no, I don't know of any girl, but there's a nice kind of an oldish woman, if she'll do, that I'd like to recommend. Yes—I mean myself"—she went on, chuckling at Hetty's amazed look. "It's come to me more than once lately, that it'd be kind of good and restful to make a change, and not go on tailorin' forever, all the rest of my days. I used to be a master hand at bread and pie-crust, too, when I was your age, and I've a little saved up which can go with the business, if it's needed; and, if you girls say so, we'll make a kind of family firm of the thing. How does it strike you?"

"Oh, Aunt Polly, the very thing, only it seems too good to be true. Do you really mean it? We did so hate the idea of a raw girl, to whom we should have to teach everything, and who would spoil half she made for the first month, and I've fought it off as long as I could; why, it will be like having grandmother come back to have you living with us. There's the west room all ready. Dear me! How delightful things seem to turn out for us always!"

"That wasn't your view always, it seems to me," rejoined Aunt Polly. "A year ago you was pretty down in the mouth, if I don't mistake. Gingerbread is good for something, you see."

"The Old Time Bakery" still goes on in Farewell street, but it has grown far beyond its original proportions. If you were to visit it today you would find a room double the size of the former, and which has been made by taking down a partition wall between the sitting room and a spare bedroom, and throwing them into one. There are two windows on the street now, one full of bread, biscuits and buns, the other stored with Hetty's now favorite gingerbread, and with delicious looking pumpkin pies and apple tarts, with old-fashioned flaky crust, which are Aunt Polly's specialty, and have added greatly to the reputation of the establishment.

Still it is not a shop. Hetty, with wary good taste, has scrupulously preserved the "quaint" look, which first gave character to the little enterprise, and by judicious rummaging in neighbors' garrets, has acquired sundry old time chairs, bottles, jugs and platters, which help in the effect. Everything is scrupulously clean and bright, as all things must be where Aunt Polly supervises, but the brightest things in the room are the faces of the twin sisters. They have tested and proved their powers; they know now what they can do, and they taste the happiness of success.

I tell their little story, in which is nothing remarkable, or out of the way, for the sake of other girls, who, perhaps, are sitting today with folded hands, and puzzling and wondering, just as Hetty and Delia did, over what they are to do and how to set about it. I do not mean at all that these girls should all make gingerbread—that indeed would be "overstocking the market," as Aunt Polly would say, but only that they should harken to her word of wisdom, "find out what they can do BEST, and do that," whatever it is. Secure that good work, and hearty striving will win some measure of success soon or late, even if its beginnings are small and insignificant as a gingerbread loaf or a batch of biscuit!

General Miscellany.

GOING TO SLEEP.

Two tireless little feet all day have trotted
Across the parlor floors;
Two tiny dimpled hands have slyly plotted
Mischief behind the doors!

Two magic crystal orbs with watch unceasing,
Their glance on all have flung;
Two rose red lips, their merry chattering, teasing,
In bird-like notes have sung.

Now, o'er those orbs the drowsy lids are closing,
Bidding adieu to light;
And lips, with limbs and feet lie still, reposing,
Have whispered their "Good night."

O tides of hour, when soft winged sleep, descending,
Brings a desired release
To toil-worn mortals! all their troubles ending
In sweet oblivious peace.

For He who ever guides the sunlight's setting,
And gently veils the earth,
That deep repose may bring that self forgetting
Prelude to newer birth—

Will ever guard the tender infant's slumber,
And send His angel bands,
The midnight watch and dawning hours to number,
With star tipped wands.

VICTOR HUGO'S DAUGHTER.

Victor Hugo has a daughter, Adele, says the *London Echo*, who has now for ten years been the inmate of a private lunatic asylum in the neighborhood of Paris. She is now about 50 years of age, and the story is a sad one. Some eighteen years ago she fell in love with a naval officer, who had some property in England and several estates in Trinidad. Her relatives were opposed to her marriage, but, as she was of age, she carried her point, and the newly-married couple proceeded to the West Indies. After a few years of life together, the commodore abandoned his wife, whose previous eccentricity, under this blow, rapidly developed into insanity. In her rare lucid moments she has been heard to say: "If he had not abandoned me I should not have lost my reason." She found herself left without resources, and in her distress she appealed to her illustrious father. The help he sent she placed upon the carpet, and told the tradespeople to help themselves. The first comers took all, whereupon the old negress servant advised her to write again to her father. In the interval, poverty and distress were endured, which intensified the mania, and finally the poet set for her to come home. Her insanity is mild and harmless. She can reason well, and her memory is good; but suddenly, while at the table, she will put her food in her pocket. Her dress is that of a young girl; her walk is very peculiar; she fills her pocket with a host of things which she picks up out of the road in her daily promenade, and one day she collects the pebbles in her path, which she replaces on her next walk. She is proud of her father's reputation, and knows his works by heart. Mlle. Adele, as she is called, is supplied with everything that can contribute to her physical comfort. She has her own servants, and she spends most of her time walking in the grounds. One day, as she passed the garden where the most afflicted patients were walking, she remarked to her companion: "Poor maniacs! how unhappy they must be." Her father often visits her, and the days of his visits are red-letter days, both to her and the other patients, who know him well and throng him with questions, to all of which he gives satisfying answers. While the others are about him the daughter caresses the father's face, exclaiming: "I have lost my life." She speaks in a low tone, and, as he is somewhat deaf, her companions repeat what she says in their way. Can anyone imagine a more remarkable picture than this?

BAT GUANO IN TEXAS.

The progress of railway extension in Western Texas has led to the development of the beds of bat guano in certain caves in Uvalde County. A recent visitor says that there are two of the bat-inhabited caves which have been partially explored. The entrance to the smaller, or Cibolo, cave is about fifty feet high and twenty-five feet wide. The passage widens gradually for a distance of about two hundred and fifty feet, when the outer cave is reached. The bottom is of guano. The walls are of limestone, uniting nearly two hundred feet above in a grand dome. The cave is as dark as Egypt. There appear to be neither stalagmites nor stalactites. This cave is three hundred or four hundred feet in diameter, and the floor is covered with about thirty feet of guano. In some parts it is believed to be much deeper. The atmosphere is very dry, and five years ago the guano caught fire, the whole surface being burned over to the depth of about four feet. Since then eight feet of guano have been deposited, so that we have proof that the fertilizer is being deposited at the rate of more than a foot and a half a year. On the inner side of the outer cave, in the side of the dome, about one hundred and twenty feet from the floor, is an opening about six by eight feet in size. Through this all the bats go to an inner cave, which has never been explored. It is believed, however, to be very extensive because of the immense number of bats that daily sleep in it, and because at the time of the fire in the outer cave great quantities of smoke escaped through crevices in the rock near the Cibolo River, on the opposite side of the hill, two miles and a half from the main entrance. This inner cave is believed to be fully two miles long and very broad. The Uvalde cave is said to be about six times as large as the Cibolo cave. It differs from the latter in being moist, instead of dry. There is no running water in either cave. The district is quite hilly, and is composed altogether of a limestone formation. In the abrupt hills many caves are known to exist, and all of them are inhabited by bats; but only the two mentioned, it is believed, are of sufficient extent to warrant working for the guano deposits. The first shipment of guano was made from Cibolo cave but a short time ago. It is claimed that analysis shows the guano to be worth from fifty to sixty dollars a ton. The Uvalde cave deposit has not been touched. It is said that a factory for the production of sulphate of ammonia is to be set up at Uvalde by the company which owns and works the phosphate deposits at Charleston, S. C.

PIGEON ENGLISH.

On board our train, and occupying one section of the Ogallalla, was the Oriental gentleman with the self-cocking name who had been sent to Washington by the Chinese Government on special business connected with the affairs of State. He wore a long, brocaded, old-gold gown, with embroidered purple overskirt, cut plain and tied together with silk cord and unique buttons. He wore his hair plain and braided down his back, and his silk bo